

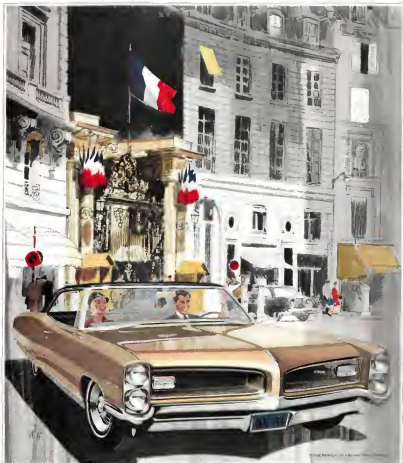
Sports Illustrated

APRIL 4, 1966

35 CENTS

THE MASTERS: IT'S IN THE BAG





1966 Pontiac Grand Prix. Who said you can't buy success?

Grand Prix's secret, like all successes, is that there's nothing else quite like it. An elegant driving machine. Elegance that begins with an arrogantly sculptured body and ends with a surfeit of accommodations: deep bucket seats, rich walnut dash and trim, center console, assist bar, electric clock, even dual-speed wipers with washers to clear your way ahead. The flip side of

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What class.

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Spalding gives you
the professional edge.

Who says
there's anything special about
The Round Tire?

The folks who bought over four million of them last year because they wanted those 3,000 extra miles of wear

...that's who!



Darned clever—those folks who bought The Round Tire—the Atlas **PLYCRON*** tire. They know how to drive a real bargain. The Round Tire gives them at least 3,000 more miles of wear than the tires that come on most new cars. And roundness is just one reason for those extra miles.

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Cord strength, wrap-around tread

—lots of other details are important, too. The point is, only a tire thus carefully made can give you the extra miles you want.

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*Trade-marks "Atlas" & "Plycron" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1956 Atlas Supply Co.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, except one issue a year, by Time Inc., 240 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Lister, President; D. W. Brumbaugh, Treasurer; Bernard Baruch, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.50 a year. Military personnel only: here in the world \$6 a year, all other \$10 a year.

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Next week

PARADOXICAL Canan Clay, the best-known, most hated and least understood athlete, is the subject of a definitive live-part series by Jack Olsen beginning in the forthcoming issue.

THE LEADING JOCKEYS and their riding styles fill a color portfolio that features today's hottest rider, Braulio Baeza, whose enigmatic personality is plumbed by Frank Graham.

AN AMERICAN CHALLENGER for the world Grand Prix racing-car championship is being built by two Californians. It is called the Eagle, and it is strictly red, white and blue.



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MEET: FOOTLOOSE



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in Columbus

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An example of this special relationship is the number of men who have come to Ed for advice before selecting a career. A native of Portsmouth, Ohio, he attended Northwestern University before joining Connecticut General twenty-four years ago. Since then, Ed has been prominent locally. An active Scouter, PTA official and past president of the Upper Arlington Civic Association, Ed is presently serving as a member of the Upper Arlington Planning Commission. A full-time career representative in Connecticut General's Columbus office, he is a recognized leader in the community.

Ed Adams does things a little differently . . . it's his idea to serve first. Men like Ed are located in major metropolitan areas throughout the country. They make CG service much more valuable to families and businesses from coast to coast.

CONNECTICUT GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, HARTFORD

**CONNECTICUT
GENERAL** 

New Orleans—a mixture of the old and the new and all that Dixie jazz

New Orleans, a city with a history dating from 1718, is divided between those who want to cherish the distinguished past and those eager to profit by an exuberant future. Men willing to gamble on growth are pouring hundreds of millions of dollars into huge new office buildings, big hotels, vast housing developments and superhighways. Some natives are contemplating ambitious new sports facilities.

Older heads are shaken, and owners of inherited wealth mutter that every bubble, like John Law's Mississippi Bubble, a Louisiana financial scheme that rocked 18th century France, will burst. Capital for new ventures has been flowing into New Orleans from Dallas, New York and Memphis. Local capital is not quite so daring as that of the new carpetbaggers, who favor jet luggage.

New Orleans is both old and juvenile. Loaded down with tradition, many of the natives and most of the visitors think they are young if they stay up all night. The climate, the historic background, the great natural advantages for fishing and hunting, sailing and swimming, and the man-made facilities for football, horse racing, tennis and golf make New Orleans potentially what Louisiana automobile license plates proudly proclaim, *SWISSMAN'S PARADISE*.

The pursuit of pleasure in New Orleans is somewhat frenzied, especially along stoddily-lit Bourbon Street, with its honky-tonk sex dives and Dixieland jazz joints. Grown, if not always mature, men seek in New Orleans what they cannot or dare not try to find at home: wine, women and oysters Rockefeller.

There are aspects of New Orleans more European than those of any other American city, the emulsion of Spharistic stems, perhaps, from the early melange of peoples: Indians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen and Irishmen. These met and mixed—breeding, hawking, gambling and dancing. African slaves and their descendants had an impact more genial than savage. Particularly abent are vestiges of either New England Protestant or Irish Catholic puritanism. Jews have been prominent and welcome. The racial resists is a venerable gumbo. There is a compact sophistication in New Orleans that wisely does not attempt to ape Paris, New York or San Francisco—assuming these cities are worth aping—but is content with its own aroma.

New Orleans today has an estimated population of 663,850 in the main city and 1,053,900 in the metropolitan area. One-third of the people is Negro and 40% is Catholic. This cosmopolitan million inhabit one of the largest tracts of any city in the

U.S., 2,677.5 square miles, but a considerable part of this is marshland or water.

The residents and the visitors they so cordially receive spend a lot of time outdoors. New Orleans is a city where you can go after a deer or catch a tarpon within the city limits. Golf is played year-round, with good courses 10 minutes by car from the heart of town. The city boasts two of the largest and most beautifully cared-for parks in the world, City Park with 1,500 acres and Audubon Park, smaller but just as attractive, on a former plantation. John James Audubon during his stay in New Orleans sketched some of the wildlife he included in his famous book, *Birds of America*. City Park has three golf courses, 35 tennis courts and 25 baseball diamonds, lagoons and lakes where people boat and fish. The city's leading art museum, the Delgado, is located in City Park. Magnificent oaks overarch the broad drive ways. The parks and other playgrounds have swimming pools, currently dry, because two years ago, anticipating a court order commanding integration, officials closed the pools, a hardship for whites and blacks alike in the fierce, humid summers.

Although there are savage segregationists who have caused trouble from time to time, many New Orleans whites seem to live amicably alongside New Orleans Negroes, in closer proximity than in any other southern or northern city, for there was never from early times a stolid Negro quarter. But some white folks, willing to ride buses and eat in cafeterias with Negroes, seem to think that the water will change their color, making them, too, underprivileged. Golf courses, tennis courts and baseball fields are fully integrated with no resulting difficulty. NORD (New Orleans Recreation Department, a branch of the city government) has integrated programs for boys and girls from 9 to 20 years old, ranging from archery to softball, with many supervised playgrounds and gymnasiums, a total of 148 facilities. Art, ballet, music and opera programs are arranged. NORD officials are confident that before too many more hot summers its many swimming pools as well as those in the parks will be open again and integrated.

Old is a favored word for sports organizations. One is assured that the New Orleans Lawn Tennis Club is the oldest in the U.S.; the New Orleans Southern Yacht Club second in age only to New York's; and the Fair Grounds racetrack, in the midst of the city, is fourth oldest.

Fishing is almost as popular in New Orleans as gambling. Deep-sea, bayou and lake fishing are available. Offshore oil rigs, which account for much of Louisiana's recent prosperity, have produced as a by-product plentiful fishing, because the reefs the rigs create attract pompano and other fish in search of minnows, fingerlings and marine growth. Pompano, rare until the rigs were built, are still rare enough to be sold by fishermen to restaurants for \$1.50 a

pound. In addition to pompano, fishermen bring in marlin, tarpon, king mackerel, redfish, trout, varieties of bass and many other kinds of fish.

Antoine's, the oldest continuous gourmet restaurant in town, was founded in 1840 in the quaint French Quarter—where antique shops are bumper to bumper. Antoine's, Arnaud's, Galatoire's, Brennan's, Broussard's, Manale's, Mason's and Commander's Palace are the main restaurants, serving better food than is available in most other cities today.

New Orleans is not now as big a spectator-sports town—except for horse racing—as it once was. There is a mid-winter Carnival of Sports during the week from Christmas to New Year's, culminating in the 32-year-old annual Sugar Bowl football game. During that week there are also tennis, basketball and track championships as well as yacht racing. One of the biggest local events is the \$100,000 Greater New Orleans Open golf tournament each May.

New Orleans is said to obtain a National Football League franchise. Both Governor John J. McKeithen and Mayor Victor Hugo Schiro are promising the NFL a \$30-million domed stadium to house football.

Local pride is hurt when outsiders downgrade New Orleans athletic prowess, but local critics with their fellow citizens were more generous in their patronage and less defensive. People spend so much time and money on fishing, hunting, sailing, bowling, golf and, above all, on the *tartle-dazzle* of Mardi Gras each Shrove Tuesday and the innumerable carnival balls and parades proceeding and accompanying it that they have little energy or resources left for full support of spectator sports, according to some impartial natives. Some sportswriters and other enthusiasts feel that New Orleans has a legacy of losers—especially Tulane's football teams—and that poor quality makes for public lethargy.

In the past New Orleans was a big fight town, the scene of Corbett's defeat of John L. Sullivan in 1892 and other great events, but with the decline of prizefighting nationally it has become negligible locally. The local minor league baseball team, the Pelicans, once well supported, died when television and major-league expansion developed.

But there is general enthusiasm for their town among natives, who seldom migrate. Perhaps it is because of the money that is flowing in from petroleum, natural gas, chemicals, a missile site and the busy port, second only in volume of trade to New York's.

Despite busy construction of tall chrom-um-and-glass palaces of business and government, New Orleans respects its French, Spanish and Greek Revival architecture. It has much to offer tourists seeking a change from the drab, especially if they are interested not only in hotels but in sports and recreation.

—M. R. WERNER



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30

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SCORECARD

THE MOB AGAIN

We thought the New York State Athletic Commission had a valid point when it refused to license Ernie Terrell as an opponent for Cassius Clay (SCORECARD, Feb. 28), and recent events have strengthened that opinion. New York based its refusal on Terrell's association with Bernard Glickman, himself a pal of the Chicago mobster Anthony (Big Tuna) Accardo. Now it develops that Glickman was badly beaten early last month in his suburban Chicago apartment, allegedly by the hoodlum Felix (Milwaukee Phil) Alderiso, on underworld orders. Glickman subsequently sought the protection of the FBI.

No one knows for sure why Glickman was mauled, but there are hints that he angered the mob by flying to New York with Terrell, thus openly exposing his continued association with the challenger—and bringing on the commission ban. This supposition rests on the notion that, for reasons not disclosed, the underworld was urgently desirous of having the fight held in New York. A federal grand jury in Chicago has begun digging into this steamy situation and a number of boxing people, including some with underworld ties, have been subpoenaed to testify.

This new development is vastly more important to boxing than the furor created by Clay's puny protestations against reclassification by his draft board and his expressions of apathy about the war in Vietnam. Instead of worrying about the political opinions—repugnant or otherwise—of professional athletes, the authorities should concern themselves with the serious matter of the reemergence of the underworld as a power in boxing. We welcome the federal intervention.

THE USTFF BACKS DOWN

The United States Track and Field Federation, a group closely allied with the NCAA, announced last week that it was offering a "peace gesture" in its current

administrative battle with the Amateur Athletic Union. The gesture was to change the date of the USTFF national championship meet from June 24-25 to June 10-11, thus taking it out of conflict with the AAU's meet on the same weekend—the slot the AAU has occupied for 20 years. Chick Werner, USTFF executive director, was vague concerning why his organization had chosen the conflicting date in the first place, except to say that it was "convenient for us." What it looked like, however, was simply an attempt at harassment.

Unfortunately for the Federation, the AAU holds all the cards. Teams for this July's dual meets with Poland and Russia will be chosen on the basis of performances in the AAU's championship, in New York City, and it is doubtful if the USTFF could have mustered much of an entry list on the original date.

"This is a gesture of good faith to the arbitration panel that is attempting to settle the overall dispute," said Werner when he announced the change in dates. "We don't want to do any favors for the AAU."

Maybe not, but it is certainly a favor—if a grudging one—to the college athletes who might have been pressured into bypassing New York for a trip to the Federation championship.

GOLF'S GREENER PASTURES

The professional golf tour has become so lucrative that the player who stubs his toe and skips just a routine event may be losing \$20,000 in potential income. Last year the prize-money total on the U.S. tour came to \$3.6 million, this year it will be more than \$4 million, and next year, with the announcement last week that two more rich purses are being added to the calendar, a season's pot of about \$5 million seems assured. This is almost three times the amount offered just four years ago. The new entries are the \$200,000 Westchester Classic (sponsored by the United Hospital Fund of Port Chester, N.Y.) and the Alcan Golfer

of the Year Championship (sponsored by Aluminimum Ltd.), at which 12 pros off the U.S. tour will qualify to play with five British pros at St. Andrews, Scotland for a first prize of \$55,000.

Is this a permanent trend or just a bull market that is bound to turn bearish? As we see it, the fact that big business and big charities are eager sponsors means that the boom has only begun.

"I would not be surprised to see a \$500,000 tour event in the near future," says Jack Tuthill, the PGA's tournament supervisor.

Fathers with an eye toward comfortable retirement had better slip a wedge and a putter into junior's crib along with the traditional baseball and football.

THE CUP CAPER

When a thief soft-shoed into London's Central Hall last week and walked out with the 12-inch-high, solid-gold Jules Rimet World Cup trophy—valued at about \$8,400 for its gold content alone and insured for \$84,000, but worth a fortune to the soccer-mad countries—there was an international furor. Brazilians, with a chance to retire the trophy and make it their own with a third



straight victory, were mad enough to spit coffee beans.

Ottorino Barassi, vice-president of the Italian Soccer Federation, was particularly dismayed because throughout World War II he had kept the cup out of the hands of military authorities who wished to confiscate it, by constantly changing its hiding place.

By early this week, however, the British had muddled through to a successful conclusion. First, a 47-year-old London dock laborer was arrested and charged with the theft, after a \$42,000 ransom note had been received by soccer officials. Then, oh happy day, a mongrel dog named Pickles sniffed out the trophy from its hiding place in the garden of a house in a South London suburb.

THE DEATH ON THE EIGER

The somber, 13,000-foot-high Eiger in Switzerland represents the same challenge to alpinists that Indianapolis offers to auto racers. Last week, for the first time in the Eiger's history, its sheer, 5,800-foot North Wall (SI, Oct. 1, *et seq.*, 1962) was successfully scaled by what is known as a *direttissimo*—a perpendicular assault. The ascent was not without bitter repercussions, for John Harlin, an American climber, tragically lost his life in what Swiss alpinists have termed a scandalous commercial venture.

Harlin, 30 years old and a former U.S. Air Force test pilot from California, seemed a perfect man for the Eiger. He had successfully zigzagged up the Eiger's North Wall in 1962. He was physically powerful and had hands like massive steel claws. In February, backed by three British papers, Harlin assembled a five-man British-American team to begin an assault. Just as they were ready to start, a rival team of West Germans, backed by a number of West German publications, arrived to begin a *direttissimo* of its own. At this point preparations that should have been made with the utmost care seem to have been unduly rushed by both sides. The two teams began their climb on March 2. By March 5 the Germans had built up a 500-foot lead, but Harlin, taking more than usual risks over stretches of bare rock, caught up two days later. On March 20 after being pinned down for 10 days by avalanches and bad weather, both groups joined forces.

Then on March 22 Harlin was killed, apparently when one of his fixed ropes snapped as he was climbing alone about two-thirds of the way up the wall. Both sets of sponsors, after consultation, agreed to continue the venture and named it the John Harlin Route. Success was finally achieved last weekend, but its smell was not entirely sweet. The Swiss were indignant.

"Like the gladiators of ancient

continued



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No matter how hard he tried, Gene Littler couldn't help hitting the steel center First Flight ball 15 yds. farther than any other ball on the tour.

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The course lay out wet and level in front of us and we all got the feeling you know any golf lover gets on that kind of a beautiful day. We lined up 100 unmarked balls, equally divided amongst the top five brands, and all equal in compression and told Gene to hit them as far as he could.

Now we don't have to tell you Gene Littler is in the habit of seeing his shots fly straight and true down any fairway. And they fail, most times, pretty much where he expects them to. This time, though, a strange thing happened. 20 of the balls Gene hit went an average of 15 yards farther than all the rest.

And every one of those was a First Flight ball. Our ball.

(Which might have surprised Gene, but it didn't surprise us much. We'd quietly gone about the same little experiment on our own, quite a number of times, since we perfected the steel center First Flight ball.)

The reason for the 15-yard plus is a simple aerodynamic principle most golfers and even golf pros don't know very much about. It's the principle of concentrating the weight in the center of the ball (as it's concentrated in the center of the fuselage of supersonic jet aircraft). Every ball on the market weighs nearly the same; that's a USGA rule. But with $4\frac{1}{2}$ times more weight concentrated in our ball's center, it flies a longer trajectory. What's more, the ball regains its shape faster

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So you or Gene couldn't help hitting a steel center First Flight ball a little farther than an ordinary ball, provided you always had a good consistent swing. Which brings us to the subject of the swing/weight principle of golf club design, which we'll talk about right here in a later issue of this magazine.

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SCORECARD *continued*

Rome," announced the august Swiss Alpine Club, "they have been pushed into dangerous adventures for the sake of financial gain."

A TALE OF TWO COACHES

Don Haskins, whose Texas Western team had just won the national basketball championship from Kentucky, showed up last week in The Bronx—the home of three of the Maners' stalwarts. He attended the New York public school championships and watched Nat Archibald and Mike Switzer lead DeWitt Clinton High to the title. There followed a simple case of a victor collecting spoils, for though Haskins had never before met them, both Switzer and Archibald said they would like to play for Texas Western next year.

Meanwhile, in Lexington, a large gathering assembled to salute Adolph Rupp and the Kentucky team that had lost to Texas Western. "This is the grandest bunch of boys a man ever had," said the coach who was supposed to be too gruff and vain for sentimentality. When he said it there was a tear in his eye.

Congratulations, Mr. Haskins. Congratulations, Mr. Rupp.

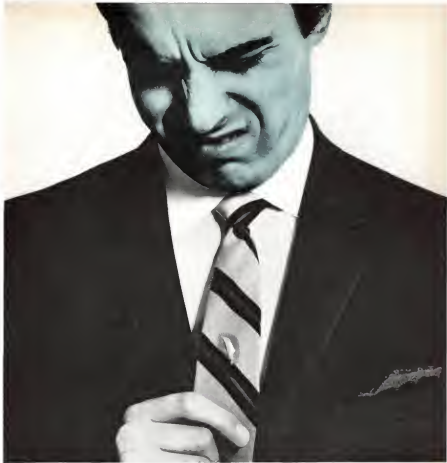
UNTRAMMELED RELAY

Nathan Hale High School and Shorecrest were in the middle of their dual track meet in Seattle last Friday night when Nathan Hale's Paul Trammell stripped off his warmup suit and stepped on to the track to take the baton for his leg of the 800-yard relay. It turned out to be one of his fastest performances of the year and the crowd's ovation was resounding. Trammell, however, scooted for cover. The cheers were more for his courage than his speed. As he had stepped out of his warmup suit to take the baton, Trammell had also stepped out of his running shorts.

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Hope, asked if it is true that he will soon buy the San Diego Chargers: "We're interested, but Barron Hilton's price isn't exactly right. We only want to buy the football team—not the hotels."
- Minnesota Fats, king of pool hustlers, after watching contestants in the World's Pocket Billiard Championship tournament in New York performing in black tie: "Dressing a pool player in a tuxedo is like putting whipped cream on a hot dog."

END



“Oh, [redacted]!”

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Sports Illustrated

APRIL 4, 1966

THE \$1,000,000

There is no business like show business, maintained Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax, taking a fiscal Gemini shot that could transport baseball to the star system

Ron Fairly shot 80," Los Angeles Dodgers President Walter O'Malley said as he sauntered off the last green of his new nine-hole golf course at Dodgertown in Vero Beach, Fla., "and I had 115. But I took five bucks from him. It's all a matter of being the better negotiator."

That, and having a partner who shot 87—which O'Malley didn't mention.

Sandy Koufax had a partner, too. Despite the fact that his winning percentage over the past three years was .795 (70-18) compared to Don Drysdale's .571 (60-45) under precisely the same conditions, Koufax had voted Drysdale an even share in a corporation that might be called Horizons Unlimited.

And they had found a negotiator. Perhaps Hollywood Agent-Attorney-Organizer J. William Hayes had found *him*, but last week the distinction was becoming academic. K&D were standing pat on their demand for a three-year contract that would give them a *consensual* \$1 million; Dodger management remained intractable on all of the four issues involved. And, gradually, the population of the little other world of baseball was beginning to accept the outlandish, enormous possibility that the most famous, highest-paid and greatest lefty-righty entry in the history of pitching might not throw a ball in anger this year—or

HERB SCHARFMAN

HOLDOUT

by JACK MANN

ever again. There was a hard core of traditionalists who refused to believe that K&D would not come out to play, but it was diminishing, interview by interview, denial by denial.

Everyman's mind boggled at a his-and-his reluctance to play games for the \$95,000 (righty) and \$110,000 (lefty) that K&D would certainly receive if they dissolved their corporation and reaffirmed their love for team and game by approaching the negotiations table in the best traditions of the good old National Pastime—alone, unarmed and unadvised.

Everyman's mind reeled at the top-to-bottom tremors that would shake the National League if "the boys," as O'Malley calls ~~them~~ stood firm in their resolve to make movies, tour Japan and follow the several other opulent nonathletic avenues they—through their agent—suggest are open to them. Try this for openers: the most amazing chapter in the short and flaky history of the Mets might be one in which the World Champion Dodgers opened the door for their escape from the cellar.

Remote, verily, but not preposterous. The Dodgers are virtually an un-team without Drysdale and Koufax, who started 83 of their games and won 49 of their 97 victories last year. They hop-step-and-jumped to the pennant with

continued



a collective batting average of .245, the lowest for any National League champion since it became the fashion to pay baseball players. Everyman would not break down the gates to see Maury Wills (575,000) steal bases for a team five runs behind. "Not unless everyone of us hit 30 points higher," said First Baseman Wes Parker (.238). "And that might not do it."

It is understandable that Everyman cannot understand. In the Depression, when he was feeding a family of faces on 20 bucks a week, he may have noted earnestly for Hubbell to get his twenty-two five, but 166,666.66 is the kind of number he sees in the space-shot stories. It was not his kind of thinking that brought about this fabulous impasse. It was, to some extent, Hollywood thinking.

In the spring of 1961, just before he became a winning pitcher, Sandy Koufax noted somewhat sadly that he had not seen much of Everyman since the Dodgers left Brooklyn. Doris Day replaced Hilda Chester and her cowbell. Mickey Rooney, armed only with a bugle, did his best to replace the Dodger Sym-Phony. Walter Winchell prowled the press box, showing the special cops the gun he would draw if the Comrats ever became brave enough to come after him. In Ebbets Field it was a big deal if Joey Giardello showed up. And he wasn't even the champ.

The small talk was big. If William Holden lived into the 21st century the checks from *The Border on the River* *And* would keep on rolling in. Frank Sinatra, after leaving the ball park in the seventh inning of a 1-1 tie, might tap out the Bank of America in a head-to-head poker game. Milton Berle would be getting \$60,000 a year for 15 more years for not being Mr. Television anymore. Talents of much lesser magnitude were rolling in the stuff, and how did they do it? Agents, baby. Even if you can count that high yourself, it's easier to have an agent do it. Shake any tree on Sunset Boulevard and three agents fall off. And anybody Leo doesn't know Danny Kaye does. You're an entertainer, aren't you? Well, what the hell.

Both Drysdale and Koufax are quite bright young men who can think for themselves, and there is no issue of right and wrong here, for two reasons. First,

baseball salaries are and always have been so capriciously predicated on performance and seniority ("drawing power" is a recent concept), that \$166,666.66 may well be the proper pittance for a Sandy Koufax. So, by the same standards, may \$80,000. Secondly, baseball's legal-fiscal structure has been multifariously unfair for half a century and will continue to be so if possible. Maybe a shake of the foundation is in order.

What has happened is an interplanetary collision. Planet Baseball, in which the performers, with notable exceptions, have never learned an effective method of getting their equitable share of the box office, has bumped into Planet Show Biz, in which a star is a star and sometimes the show *won't* go on without him. If The Beatles don't like the price they

don't make the picture, and no Reserve Clause makes them sit out the season. The business of baseball is a game, in which the team is greater than any of its parts. But any two of its parts? No two players—not Ruth and Gehrig, Mize and Medwick, Hubbell and Ott—had ever enjoyed a greater *sum per non* position than K&D with the 1965 Dodgers. The show could go on, but what kind of show would it be? Bill Giles, Houston publicity man, lamented extravagantly that their absence would cost the Astros \$200,000.

"I admire the boys' strategy," said O'Malley, the old negotiator, "and we can't do without them, even for a little while. We're lacking too much. But we can't give in to them. There are too many agents hanging around Hollywood looking for clients."



Catalytic agent J. William Hayes coached money for such as Vince Edwards, TV's Ben Casey.

Agency was No. 1 on O'Malley's list of objections to the K&D proposition, or at least it was the first one he mentioned. The others, "all of about equal importance," were:

2) "The entry. Next year you might have a dozen entries, or one 23-man entry. There's nothing wrong with unionism, but that's the wrong way. I think a sophisticated union would be good for the players." Did he think a union could ever be sophisticated enough to set a scale salary for a switch-hitting second baseman who batted .278 but had a little trouble with the double play? "No," O'Malley said.

3) "The three-year contract. It's possible we might change our policy and give a three-year contract. It might be all right for a kid like Jim Lefebvre. But

if you did it you wouldn't start with veterans." Not, anyway, a veteran with Koufax' medical history. Baseball law allows a maximum 25% cut each year. A flare-up of Sandy's traumatic arthritis or a recurrence of the circulatory problem that almost ended his career in 1962 might leave the Dodgers in the position of paying more than Willie Mays gets to a pitcher who couldn't pitch.

4) The money. "I told Sandy he's talking about very cheap dollars. I don't know what he made together during the winter, but they say it was \$110,000 for the book and \$40,000 for the magazine rights, so he must be in a higher bracket than I am. I don't think it's the money they're interested in as much as the prestige. It's like Gleason making a movie. You know he doesn't need the money."

It was suggested to O'Malley that he was negotiating a test case on behalf of all baseball owners—that, for example, his relations with Pittsburgh Pirate Owner John Galbreath might be less cordial if K&D prevailed and Roberto Clemente and Bob Veale called at Galbreath's office with their partnership papers next winter. "We've had enough calls from other people," O'Malley admitted. "Nobody wants it to happen."

Could it happen to a team with a less formidable tandem than the Dodgers? "It could happen to any team," said General Manager C. J. (Buzzie) Bavasi. "Kansas City has nothing right? Well, what would they have without Wyatt and Campaners?"

What would happen, Bavasi was asked, if K&D dismissed their agent, settled for one-year contracts and agreed to split the money down the middle, say \$97,500 each? "No good," he said. "Believe me, it's no fun for me to tell Drysdale that Koufax is the better pitcher, but I had to do it. The entry has to be broken up, and Koufax has to get more money. Then if he wants to write his own check to Drysdale, that's his business."

If the boys are on location with Paramount when the season opens, they're going to miss a touching part of *Lefty Faces Life*, a long-run tearjerker that began at Vero Beach on or about March 1. That was when Harold (Lefty) Phillips, the pitching coach, was instructed to proceed on the assumption that K&D would not pitch in 1966. Lefty hurt his pitching arm in his first year of professional ball and had to labor in the vineyards as a scout. He made himself useful—he found Don Drysdale in one vineyard—until last year, at 46, he got to the big leagues. It was fun while it lasted.

"Well, Osteen should win 20," Lefty said when asked how he might deploy his troops. "Podres could be good for a dozen. If Joe Moeller put it all together he could win 15. . . . We should have more hitting, too." Sure should.

Apart from the Mets, Lefty was asked, to what other staffs in the National League would his be superior? "I think we could be better than Houston," he began. "And the Cubs—well, the Cubs have three pretty good pitchers. . . . But our hitting has got to be better."

Got to be, Lefty. Got to be. **END**



Dodger Owner Walter F. O'Malley warned "the boys" against negotiating "for cheap dollars."

GENTLEMANLY GAME FOR RUFFIANS

Rugby is an old tradition at the University of California, and the Golden Bears approach the game with a combination of verve and casualness their English forebears might not recognize but surely would applaud **by JOE JARES**

Many people around the University of California in Berkeley have vital things to tell the world. Sometimes the messages can be transmitted orally, but generally the printed word suffices. Scrawled on a fence: "Batman is ugly." Sticker on a bicycle fender: "Stop the war machine." And on the rear bumper of a humble Volkswagen: "Happiness is Rugby."

Yes, Rugby—a game, not a hallucinatory drug. It is a game played with an inflated bladder that looks like a football in need of a low-fat diet. Yet Rugby at Cal is happiness—loose discipline, no pressure and the chance to cream somebody and later buy him a beer. The game has a 60-year tradition on the campus, and last Saturday it had one of its brighter moments, a triple-header in which 50 or so Golden Bear ruggers played, one after the other, an Oakland athletic club, Notre Dame and the University of Oregon. It was a pleasant way to end a busy week, especially pleasant because Cal, led by graduate student Jim Boyce from Australia, stomped the Fighting Irish, 37-3, beat Oregon with mostly second-stringers 26-8, lost to Athens AC with third-stringers 12-7 and proved, at least to the Notre Dame captain, "It is the finest Rugby team in the country."

This team may sound like a haughty and impersonal machine, but actually there was a charming casualness about the players and, indeed, the whole afternoon: the way the Bears struggled out one at a time while the Irish sprinted out in a group and did synchronized calisthenics, the way an Athens AC man wandered across the field at half time of his game to chat with his opponents, the

way the pompous public-address announcer (a chemistry professor) second-guessed a player's field position and chuckled when the man obediently moved two steps back. That is the way Rugby is handled at Berkeley—the way it has always been run.

To investigate Rugby at California, one must begin and probably end at the campus pub, Larry Blake's Rathskeller (sign in window: "We have the bread, we have the wine, we need thou"). The beer is served in goldfish-bowl glasses, and so many pipes snake across the low ceiling that not even Blake dares to guess their purposes. A former intramural soccer player at Rutgers and a runner-up to Batman in the campus ugly contest, Blake has been hiring Cal ruggers to serve beer and sandwiches for 26 years.

"I have a particular regard for a sport that is sport for sport's sake," he said. "These kids fight their own battles. If they have to raise some money, they raise it. I've never had a bad one."

The biggest money-raising feat came last year and was led by Dr. Miles Hudson, a dentist from New Zealand who has coached Cal's Rugby teams since the late 1930s. The Bears of 1965 were undefeated and considered the school's best ever, so they received (or wangled) an invitation to tour down under. The invitation came easier than the financing.

"Our campaign began during some unrest on campus and we didn't know what to expect," said Doc, as Hudson is called by his players. But more than 460 former Rugby and football players donated money and by the time Doc and 21 of his lads boarded a plane for Brisbane in July there was \$25,580 in the kitty.

Making good use of muscle and the American-style overhead pass, which the fascinated Aussie press called a "torpedo pass," Cal surprised everyone with a 5-2-2 record against men who had played the game all their lives. Most of Cal's players are from the U.S. and do not even see Rugby until they arrive in Berkeley. "The Golden Bears are the most exciting players seen in Brisbane since the Fijians in 1952," said one Rugby authority, and another raved, "A great thing for the American image."

The Rugby tradition started at Cal in 1906, when American football was under attack for being too savage. UC President Benjamin Ide Wheeler had told the *Chicago Tribune* in 1905, "Football must be made over or go." At Cal and Stanford it went, and in its place came Rugby. For nine years the Big Game was a Rugby match. In 1915 the schools severed relations and dropped Rugby, but there were still enough good Bay Area ruggers around in 1920 and 1924 to give the U.S. the Olympic championship.

Rugby resumed at Berkeley in 1933 and has been played ever since. Each year the Bears play the University of British Columbia—two games in Vancouver and two games in Berkeley—for the World Cup, and two games with Stanford for the Big Scrum Axe.

Doc Hudson loves to brag about his favorite old grads. Ray Wilbey, the present football coach, was a Rugby ace in the early '50s, and so were Pro Football

continued

Leaping high to dominate a line-out, Cal's powerful Loren Hewley outsmiles ND foes.



Linebackers Les Richter and Matt Hazeltine, whose father also played Rugby at Cal. One of Hudson's finest products is his assistant, Jim (Truck) Cullom, who also coaches the freshman football team.

"He's a screamer and so am I," said Cullom. "Rugby in England is a rowdy game played by gentlemen. At California it's a gentleman's game played by ruffians. But actually we're pretty lax. It wasn't a concentration camp when I played and I don't want to make it one for anyone else. It's a nice spring day today and if I were an undergraduate I'd probably grab a girl and a six-pack of beer and go up in the hills, too."

Cullom handles the junior varsity players, who call themselves the Guanos with all the pride of LSU's old Chinese Bandits. Nobody is quite sure how the name originated, but all agree that jerseys are not washed from one end of the season to the other.

Last Thursday afternoon Cullom spotted a Guano lounging in the athletic office and talked him into foregoing a fit of spring fever and coming up to Memorial Stadium to work out. On the way to the stadium they passed between a group of cute coeds and some get-out-of-Vietnam types. The Guano said, "There's the contrast of the Cal campus. The beats and the babies." A "baby" in Guanesse is a girl, usually an attractive one. These particular babies were on their way to the airport to shower Notre Dame's ruggers, not with kisses but oranges. The Irish responded by asking for dates. They did not get very far.

Just 15 Notre Dame players showed up, along with their "moderator," Kenneth Featherstone. A native of Manchester, England, Featherstone is mainly interested in architecture, which he teaches at South Bend, and he believes Rugby should be largely a player-organized activity. Before agreeing to make the trip (paid for by Cal's fraternities as part of Spring Week), he insisted that the game be played under international rules—no

continued



Winning a scrum, Cal forwards (left) heel ball backward as the outplayed Irish bravely resist.





substitutions. If a man breaks an arm, he either plays with it or his team plays without him.

On the night they arrived the Irish worked out on a dark soccer field near the stadium and, to the surprise of a Cal observer, in the stadium on Friday afternoon. "They did more calisthenics today than we've done all year," he said.

The fraternities had wanted to bill the game as a national championship, but it was not quite that. Notre Dame had a 5-1 record but had lost the previous week to Indiana. And one of its victories was over the Palmer College of Chiropractic ("Loaded with Africans who had played Rugby since childhood," explained the moderator.) This Cal team was almost as strong as last year's.

During the three games, the Saturday-night parties and the hectic preceding week, campaign-style buttons worn by several babies seemed to cut through the tension generated by a flurry of anti- and pro-Vietnam activity on campus like giggles at a prayer meeting. The buttons said simply: "I'm a rugger hugger."

Before the big match, Truck Cullom's lesser Guanos battled Athens, an Oakland club consisting of Cal alumni and friends. True to tradition, the Guanos played in tattered, unwashed football jerseys, some without numerals, two with the number 82. Also true to tradition, the Guanos huddled before kickoff but mostly mumbled. Their theory was that no one knows what is being said in such gatherings anyway. One Guano got kicked out of the game near the end for a little wrestling outside a regulation scrum, but generally the atmosphere was friendly. Cullom smiled at one familiar face on the Athens team and yelled, "You cheat. I didn't teach you to play like that."

By the end of the first game and a short intermission about 13,000 fans—students for the most part—had gathered in Memorial Stadium. Men on the sunny side took off their shirts to catch a few rays while they drank beer and razed the Guanos. But the Notre Dame game brought on a more serious mood, because all remembered the plastering the Irish gave the Bears in football the previous fall. Rugby Captain Tom Rellies and most of his teammates had played in that game.

The standout on the Bears, however, was Australian import Jim Boyce, who never played football. He was, without doubt, a Rugby man. With his twin brother, he played on the Wallabies, Australia's national team, and—further improving his credentials at Cal—served schooners of draft beer at the Rathskeller. Boyce scored two tries (a try is the equivalent of a touchdown but worth three points) in the second half and was responsible for setting up three more.

Spectator hostility toward Notre Dame soon eroded as the Bears demonstrated the game was going to be no contest. Dominating the line-outs all day, Cal scored three tries, two conversions and a penalty kick to lead 16-0 at the half. A line-out occurs when the ball goes out of bounds, as it often does in Rugby. The forwards of each team form parallel lines perpendicular to the sideline and face the man throwing in the ball. The closest thing to this is basketball's tip-off. The ball is thrown above the two lines of muscular men, and they leap up to grab it or tap it to their scrum half. Cal Breakaway Loren Hawley was superb at winning most jumps.

But it was Boyce who almost single-handedly finished off Notre Dame in the second half. He faked a lateral and dived over the goal line for a try. Moments later he faked in beautifully and passed to Wing Lloyd Reist, who raced for another score. Boyce packed up a loose ball and sprinted in again.

Notre Dame finally scored, on a penalty kick late in the second half, but by then many students were already heading for the Phi Sig house, where eight kegs of beer awaited company. Notre Dame Scrum Half John Adams did not even bother to remove his Rugby togs or the shoe polish under his eyes for the party. A little before 6 p.m. the Phi Sigs ran out of beer, and the teams and the followers headed for the Rathskeller and a session of loud, salty songs. Moderator Featherstone got his mustache damp with a few beers, and leaping Loren Hawley walked in with a former Miss America contestant. Some other chic babies came in wearing their "I'm a rugger hugger" buttons. At the end of a perfect day Larry Blake's Rathskeller was in imminent danger of running out of beer. **END**

Notre Dame "Moderator" Kenneth Featherstone's mustache conceals a stiff upper lip during Saturday's varsity game, while a cheerful Berkeley crowd enjoys diversion in the sun.

Clowning at postgame beer fest, Irish Scrum Half John Adams sports a game jersey and smudges under eyes. When the beer ran out, ruggers adjourned to a favorite campus pub.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAME

AT SEBRING: VICTORY AND DEATH

The triumph was Ford's in its continuing massive assault on Ferrari supremacy in world class sports car racing, but before the tense and surprising finish four spectators and a driver lost their lives **by BARBARA LA FONTAINE**

It was a curious and bloody race in Sebring, Fla. last week, but from it the current facts of sports car racing emerged, definitive and clear. Ford has arrived. Ferrari is making gloomy adieus and Chaparral is neither here nor there. Ford finished one, two and three in the 12-hour endurance race and would have finished one, two, three and four if Dan Gurney had not been operating under an obvious curse. On Friday, he set a new lap record of 2 minutes 54.6 seconds (107.2 mph) for the 5.2-mile course in a Ford Mark II prototype, which entitled him to the first starting position on the grid on Saturday. First starting position affords no real advantage in a 12-hour race, but the beginning foreshadowed the end. Gurney could not get the car started, and it moved out 63rd in a field of 64. After 11 hours and 59 minutes he was running first with a comfortable

under the circumstances—one-lap lead, when his engine failed on the backstretch. This happens to Gurney. "It happened one time at Daytona," he recalled, without enthusiasm, after the race, "and it happened once at the Belgian Grand Prix."

Less than a quarter-mile from the finish line, Gurney elected to get out and push the car, and the car, having covered 228 laps, did cross the line. However, the rules of racing for points toward the Manufacturers' Trophy require that a car finish under its own power, and Gurney was disqualified in favor of the second-running car, a Ford Roadster XI driven by Ken Miles and Lloyd Ruby, which set official distance and average speed records of 228 laps and 98.631 mph. Had Gurney not pushed his car, he would have finished second.

Ceremonies in Victory Lane were un-

tidy, with half the crowd crushed about Gurney and his disqualified car, and the other half attending to Miles and his functioning, victorious Ford XI. Jim Hall's two Texas-built Chaparrals had been out of the race for eight hours at that point, retired with a broken rear suspension and a bad oil leak. The two Ferrari contenders in the winner's class were just as finished, one with a failed transmission and the other burned up in the pits.

"We won't beat Ferrari consistently until this time next year," Ford's Carroll Shelby had said at Sebring in 1965. At the 24-hour Daytona Continental in February he defeated such Ferraris as there were—privately-owned and aging Ferraris—and judgment was essentially suspended until the Fords should run against new factory machines. At Sebring last week only one such car was



Winner Ken Miles, thoughtful during pit stop, repeated Daytona victory with co-driver Lloyd Ruby. Above: Flames consume Bob McLean's Ford.

entered, a Ferrari 330 P3, dubiously backed up by a much-used Ferrari 330 P2, driven by Pedro Rodriguez and Marino Andretti. However, since Enzo Ferrari had declared before the race that his limited operation had been steamrolled by the Ford Motor Company and he could no longer enter more than a single car in sports car races, one factory Ferrari would be the only opposition Ford was going to get.

The new Ferrari 330, driven by Englishman Michael Parkes and Californian Bob Bondurant, performed handsomely, giving no particular trouble until its last laps, when the gears proved intractable. On the 173rd lap, the transmission quit, and the car, with Bondurant at the wheel, gave up quietly near the track's hairpin turn. At that time the Ferrari was in second place.

The failure of the other contending Ferrari was a disaster. "It is a very tired car," said Coco Chinetti, the son of the car's owner, late in the afternoon. "It is coming in for its 25,000-mile checkup." Two hours later, the tired car's gear selector malfunctioned, and Andretti lost control before the course's Webster turn. Don Wester, in a Porsche Carrera 6, slammed into the spinning Ferrari and then into four spectators, all of whom were killed. Wester's injuries were minor. Unaware of what had happened, Andretti made it back to the pits, where his car was repaired. But there was oil or gasoline loose and when he turned on the ignition the car went up in flames. Andretti got out, but the Ferrari was finished and the cost had been high.

The spectators killed were Willis Edenfield and his two sons, and a friend, Mrs. Ford Heacock, a mother of three. Earlier in the day, Driver Bob McLean of Canada lost control entering the hairpin turn and died instantly when his Ford GT 40 struck a utility pole, turned end over end and burned upside down in a ditch. Thus, there were five deaths at a race that had had no fatalities for six years.

McLean's accident was a dreadful occurrence, but an acknowledged possibility in any automobile race. The deaths of Mrs. Heacock and the Edenfields, on the other hand, were considered by some to be the appalling ultimate result of the careless operation that the running of the Sebring race has become. Sebring seems to make little preparation for this event—which draws some 50,000 people to a

town of 8,000—beyond raising its hotel rates. This casual approach might not be wholly without charm, but extended to the race itself it becomes hazardous. The pit areas on Saturday were crowded with little boys, bigger girls in tight stretch pants and old people with Brownie cameras, all identified and admitted by crew passes, press passes and photographers' passes, obviously distributed in small-town fashion by friends to friends.

Mechanics could barely make their way to the cars they were servicing, and drivers, when they were not in their cars on the track, had to hide out from the throng for fear of being smothered. Mr. Edenfield, his two boys and Mrs. Heacock were in possession of marshal's passes given them by Mrs. Heacock's husband (an owner of property at the racecourse). They died in an area where the viewing was splendid but which was closed to ordinary spectators as being dangerous.

Before the race there was an extraordinary, but justifiable, tension among all the principals. Even the ineffably assured Carroll Shelby, manager of what proved to be the top Fords, went around saying, "We're gonna win it," in a certain questioning way. Ford was known to have the speed, but there was legitimate doubt that the Ford brakes would stand up under the Ford weight on a course that is murderous on brakes. The Ferraris were lighter and more suited to the course, but most of Ferrari's eggs were in one basket. Finally, the Chaparrals could not be discounted, having won at Sebring last year (under special circumstances, in a heavy rain), but they had had to be almost totally rebuilt since last March to meet new racing specifications, and the one entered at Daytona had not performed well. Any one of the three makes, it could be argued, might take the race, and there were many who added the English Ford GT40s and even the Chevrolet Sting Rays to the list.

By the time the race was four hours old Carroll Shelby was not worrying, even secretly, about anything. His brakes looked terrific, Gurney and Jerry Grant, in first place, and Miles and Ruby, in third, had the factory Ferrari between them and were playing games. "I can take one second a lap off the Ferrari," Miles said, with the smile of a happy hawk on his bladed, bony face. Ruby was out on the track, and Miles was sitting in the Ford trailer drinking tea. He was clean and fresh, being perhaps

the only driver who changes clothes between driving stints.

At a table across the room England's Sir John Whitmore, in from his turn in a Ford GT, sat slumped in a chair, looking truly ill. The day was hot. "Several of them have come off the track looking like that," Miles observed the already had volunteered that he himself was a lizard and loved heat. "Think of your ancestors, John," he said kindly, "marching across the Arabian desert in all that armor!" Sir John's expression indicated that thinking of his ancestors did not help.

A. J. Foyt came in. A. J. is a smile—Shelby, Miles, Foyt and Ferrari's Bondurant are all long-distance smiles—and he smiled as he replied, "Oh, about 30," to a question as to where he was running. Foyt and Ronnie Bucknam were driving a Holman-Moody prepared Ford Mark II with an automatic transmission. The transmission was working beautifully, but the boys were boiling their brake fluid. If the boys settled down and stopped boiling the brake fluid, John Holman exultantly implied, his cars probably could move up into quite respectable positions.

The Shelby-American Fords behaved well through the bulk of the race, but the Ferraris behaved well, too. Miles might have been taking the Parkes-Bondurant Ferrari for a second a lap, but after nine hours it was still running second and was giving few indications of coming trouble. When the trouble finally came at seven in the evening and the factory Ferrari went out, Shelby responded with a fiercely triumphant exclamation. "Got him!" he said, as if he had knocked out a machine-gun nest.

Dan Gurney's disqualification from a race he had led and so nearly won was a shock and a disappointment to the Ford troops, the Gurney fans and to Gurney himself. But for purposes of estimating the extent of the Ford victory, he and the Mark II must be counted in—and the victory was smashing. There is no question that a numerically stronger Ferrari team might have won or at least prevented so thorough a Ford sweep, but if Enzo Ferrari is in earnest about never again sending a full team to a sports car race, then, practically speaking, the field is now all Ford. And Sebring-Daytona Winners Miles and Ruby are only 47 and 38, respectively. This sort of thing could go on for years.

END

DOWNFALL OF A STONE-THROWER

An optimistic Fargo, N. Dak. dentist with some positive thoughts about positive thinking proclaimed his U.S. rink unbeatable in the world curling championship at Vancouver. Then, sad to say, play began **by ERIC WHITEHEAD**

When he came to Vancouver last week as leader of the U.S. four-man rink that would compete in the Scotch Cup matches for the world curling championship, Dr. Joseph B. Zbacnik had some positive ideas about a very difficult task. Last year in Perth, Scotland a U.S. rink skipped by Bud Somerville of Superior, Wis. had astounded stone-throwers everywhere by breaking a six-year Canadian monopoly and winning the U.S. its first world title, a victory that sparked a curling boom in the Midwest. Now it was up to Dr. Zbacnik and his reigning U.S. champion rink from Fargo, N. Dak. to defend what Somerville and his men had so audaciously won, and it soon became apparent in Vancouver that if audacity could do it the Americans were in again.

As the Canadians and their highly favored rink listened with wonder and awe, Dr. Zbacnik, a scowling, darkly handsome 28-year-old dentist, announced, "We will win this in eight straight games. This is not just a rink I have. It is a machine. We are unbeatable. No one else here has a chance." This was heady stuff, but the doctor said he had good reason to know he was right. Back in his dental clinic in Moorhead, Minn., which is just across the Red River of the North from Fargo, Dr. Joe has a \$2,000 collection of taped discussions on the power of positive thinking. He and the other members of his rink, he said, had been listening to these as they went about their daily chores.

Dr. Joe's really positive thinking: "I have always been, well, sort of confident"—began in the fall of 1965. That was after he had talked Bruce Roberts, 23, Michael O'Leary, 23, and ex-Winnipegian Gerald Toutant, 33, into joining the business department of his dental clinic. All three of them were sound, experienced curlers.

"From the moment we got together we started thinking of nothing else but this very world championship," said the doctor. "We began daily training, a three-mile run before work, rigorous calisthenics and isometric exercises, daily ice drills and, of course, sessions on positive thinking. We would drive as much as 250 miles through snow for a night's competition. We became unbeatable. This year we won the U.S. title easily."

"There is absolutely no doubt now that we will win the world championship. We are a perfect team. I am personally convinced that my rink will dominate curling for the next 10 to 15 years."

The Canadian team, as well as the champion rinks of Sweden, Switzerland, Norway, France and Scotland, said nothing, perhaps being too stunned to retort. But the public reaction was volatile, and by the time the first rock of the round-robin play was ready to be thrown on Monday night in the Vancouver Forum, Dr. Joe had been elected Public Unfavorite No. 1.

Alas for the visiting dentist, tough talking was not enough. The eight-game win streak he had predicted was snapped before it began when a lightly rated Scottish rink made up of four Perthshire farmers neatly axed the North Dakotans 8-7.

This upset delighted the unsympathetic crowd of 4,000, which took pains to remind Dr. Joe of his positive thinking, isometrics, etc., and enthusiastically applauded bad U.S. shots. Unhappily, many of those were provided by the U.S. skip himself, who already was embarked on a miserable personal tournament performance. Did the hostile crowd bother him, the doctor was asked after the loss to Scotland. "Not a bit," he said. "I expect it. It's what I want. It makes us the aggressor."

The opening defeat was neither the

end of U.S. chances nor by any means the end of Dr. Joe, who told reporters afterward, "The Scots have nothing. They couldn't beat us again in a million years. They don't belong on the same ice with us."

During the next two days the stylish Canadian rink from Calgary, Alta., led by Ron Norrhcott, scored decisive wins over France, Scotland, Norway and Sweden. The U.S. fought back to defeat France, Switzerland, Sweden and Norway, and the stage was set for the first meeting of Canada and the U.S.

Against Canada on Wednesday night, as their leather-tongued brooms flashed and popped in front of the rocks, Dr. Joe's boys made a good light of it for nine of the game's 12 ends. But then the Canadians, curling well on soft, grabby ice, counted three in the 10th end, two in the 12th, and wrapped it up at 13-10.

By this time a certain peculiarity of the U.S. rink's makeup had elicited some comment. It concerned Dr. Zbacnik, who, although skip of the rink, curled on the No. 3 spot instead of the usual No. 4. The No. 4 in curling is much like the cleanup hitter in baseball. He is the rink tactician, he plots the strategy and he calls all the shots for his teammates. To give him time to assess each situation and to keep him fresh for the final two pressure rocks, he does not take part in the strength-sapping chore of sweeping. His is also the name by which the rink is known, and he thus is the recipient of most of its publicity.

Never before in major international competition has a skip been his rink's No. 3 curler. By attempting this, the doctor was bucking the facts of high-pressure play, and the strain on his No. 4 man, Roberts, became more and more noticeable as the tournament progressed. Also, to the Canadian onlookers, Dr. Zbacnik seemed to be hatching up his

job of skipping, much to the distress of his own rink, which was giving evidence of questioning his tactics. When asked why he was not curling in the crucial No. 4 spot, the doctor offered an unanswerable answer: "Roberts is my fourth because he is our best man under pressure."

Nor did the loss to Canada cause his confidence to waver. "It doesn't worry me one bit," he said. "If we'd made just a couple of key rocks we would have run away with it. I'm glad they won tonight, because there is no way they can beat us in tomorrow's final. The Canadians are just not in our class. This game tonight meant nothing. It was just for kicks. You will see that our tactics will be completely different when it matters."

As things turned out, Dr. Joe was right about the U.S. game against Canada being meaningless. The U.S., Scotland, Canada and Sweden earned their way into the semifinals through their total round-robin scores. The semifinal pairings called for the U.S. to play Scotland and for Canada to face Sweden. This was the same Scottish rink that Dr. Joe had said did not belong on the ice with his own, and now he learned a maxim of sport: positive thinking or no, you let sleeping underdogs lie. The Scottish skip, Chuck Hay, was asked if Dr. Joe's remarks had upset his rink. "Not at all," said Hay. "We find it delightful."

Once play was under way, even the Joe-baiting Forum throng restrained its heckling, for Zbacnik, passionately exhorting his errant rocks to stay on target, began to blow shot after shot. Skip Hay, who was concerned about 200 acres of wheat and barley he had planted shortly before flying off to Vancouver, made things worse with a tantalizing display of draw-and-guard tactics. Meanwhile the now desperate doctor himself made the unforgivable total of six disastrous complete misses—which is like fanning six times with the bases loaded, only more so.

But for brilliant recovery shots by the fourth, Roberts, the final score would have been much worse than the 14-7 U.S. defeat that showed on the scoreboard.

While Zbacnik went along to the dressing room his teammates fumed in a corner of the arena. Roberts was in a black mood. "You can't win with just three curlers on the rink," he said. "You can see what a big mouth gets you. Not even

Cassius Clay can get away with stuff like that. It embarrassed us terribly. And it hurt our play. It put totally unnecessary pressure on us."

Then he grinned halfheartedly. "Well, there's always next year. I like it out here. I think I'll get a job on the Coast, around Seattle."

Does this mean then that Dr. Joe's rink, the one he was sure would dominate world curling for the next 10 to 15 years, is about to break up?

"Yes. I think you might say that," said Roberts.

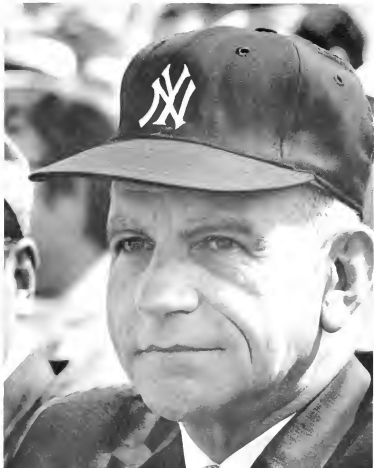
As to the rest of the tournament, the Thursday night final was anticlimactic. Northcott's unbeaten Canadians were too good for the Perthshire farmers, who worked diligently but to no avail. By a score of 12-5 Canada took the Scotch Cup for the seventh time in eight tries.

When the Scottish papers led the unified teams of all the nations into the arena for the traditional victory ceremonies, one curler was missing. The glare of the klieg lights around the victory podium revealed that Dr. Joe was positively absent.

END



Dr. Joe, the controversial skip of the U.S. rink, exhorts a belly stone to obey his commands.



PROGRESS REPORT ON THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

When Lieut. General William D. Eckert was named Commissioner of Baseball last fall his appointment was greeted with hoots of cynical dismay. Well, Kenesaw Mountain Landis may be safe in his ahrine but Spike Eckert is proving that he is a man who came to play *by JOHN UNDERWOOD*

When, last November, the owners of major-league baseball suddenly announced that they had selected Lieut. General William Dole Eckert (U.S. Air Force, ret.) to succeed Ford Frick as the Commissioner of Baseball, their surprising choice elicited a great deal of comment, most of it caustic. A typical response was that of Willie Mays, who said of Eckert, "Who's he?" A sportswriter on the *New York World-Telegram* said, "My God, they've chosen the Unknown Soldier!" Another wrote that in "the monumental filing system of this paper" there was only one insignificant clipping on William D. Eckert. "The owners," declared Dick Young of the *New York Daily News*, who is much respected as a baseball writer, "have laughed in the face of every fan who pays his buck at the ball park. They have said they don't really need a commissioner at all." And so on.

Subsequent reports on Commissioner Eckert during his first days on the job pointed out that he was not Maxwell Taylor (or any other name-brand general), that he talked in platitudes, that he used cue cards for the most casual interviews, that he relied on an outdated baseball rule book and that he was a master of the oblique retort. He would not even commit himself as to which come strip he preferred. Furthermore, he was nervous. He had an air of insecurity about him. And the odor of an owners' man. As a baseball expert he knew a lot about Air Force nuts and bolts (logistics and supply had been Eckert's military specialty).

If Ford Frick was the do-nothing Commissioner of Baseball, it was said, then William D. Eckert was the know-nothing. He had never played baseball beyond the academy intramural level. He had never been much of a fan. He could not even remember when he last attended a game, though he might have been excused this because he was living in Washington and that would have meant going to a Senator game. How could this know-nothing commissioner, who had finished 128th in the West Point class of '30, be expected to coax baseball down the paths of righteousness if he did not even know the words and music to the Milwaukee-Atlanta franchise roun-

delay? (Ford Frick said it would not be fair to ask Eckert about that one.) There were suspicions that Frick was not retiring, that he was just reincarnated.

Thus launched in November, the incipient commissioner went about familiarizing himself with the job. For his critics he developed an ostrich stance. "I don't think I was treated unfairly by the press at all," he says in retrospect. "I don't think I took a beating at all." He appeared undisturbed by the criticism. Those who had known him in the past expected as much; from his West Point days he had been known as a man whose emotions ran the gamut from stoicism to constraint. He said it would take three months to get his feet on the ground. And, presumably, the egg off his face.

The three months are up.

All right, then, brethren. To update the question. Beyond biographical incidents—age 57, 5 feet 8, 160 pounds, gray hair, cold eyes, smokes a pipe, occasionally permits himself a Scotch and soda—who is William Dole Eckert? Is he the redeemer of baseball? Or is he, as Dick Young suggested, the cynical choice of a cynical company—a man who could plunge wholeheartedly and head-first into the job and never make a ripple?

The answers to these questions are: 1) No, he is not a redeemer. Major league baseball has become too complex ever to be ruled again in the redeemer-dictator fashion of Judge Landis. In fact, when the owners gave the job to Eckert they established a new post in the commissioner's office, that of administrator, and named the experienced Lee MacPhail, former president and general manager of the Baltimore Orioles, to that wheelhorse job. 2) No again. Eckert is a good deal more than a nothing, and even the owners did not really want another Ford Frick.

What, then, is New Commissioner Eckert on the way to becoming? What might he be expected to do with baseball, or at it with it?

To begin with, Eckert, nicknamed "Spike" as a West Pointer after a good day on the intramural football field in 1927, is not the totally unimpressive man he might have seemed in November. His bearing—stiff backbone and upper

lip—suggests the legacy of 35 years as a military officer. He is a man familiar with command, that loneliest of worlds, a man used to making decisions in often perilous situations. Commissioner Landis never had to jump out of a stricken airplane or watch a sister B-17 get blown apart at his wingtip. Commissioner Chandler never had to decide life-and-death matters for 2,800 combat troops. Commissioner Frick never had to kick a man out of his command on a morals charge, or for using narcotics. Commissioner Eckert had to do all these things, and the fact that he was able to do them would seem to represent a willingness to decide—a conditioning to action.

One man who has observed Eckert closely for several weeks has reached certain conclusions about him. He is Joe Reichler, the Associated Press's most knowledgeable baseball writer, who became public relations director for the commissioner's office in February. Reichler says you can count on at least three things from Eckert: "He will never say, 'No comment.' He will never say, 'This is off the record.' And he will never, never say, 'This is a league matter and out of my hands.'"

No stretch of the imagination, however, would allow you to conclude that William Eckert knows baseball. He is still groping around in that rather land of obscured significance (Is baseball a business? A sport? A virus?) and impossible terminology (Can a man ever fathom the bonus rule? The reserve clause? Casey Stengel?). But Eckert does not grope blindly. He knows fast. True, he has been partially brainwashed into believing that baseball is a holy calling—he thinks now it should be exported as an instrument of international goodwill—and in this respect he is more Billy Graham than Kenesaw Mountain Landis, but he appears willing, even eager, to exert whatever power he has to police the game. Unfortunately, it is still uncertain how much power that is.

"As far as I know," said Eckert the other day in Clearwater, sitting with his back straight in a box seat near the Phillies dugout, with a Phillies red cap on his head, "nothing is off limits. I

continued

may feel differently in a year, but right now I feel I have a free hand and adequate authority to handle all problems. If I don't, then I will go to the owners and ask for more. Or, failing that, for less responsibility."

Feeling his way, Eckert still has an annoying habit of being so impartial as to appear innocuous, even on as small a matter as his lineage: "I am one-fourth French, one-fourth English, one-fourth Irish and one-fourth German. I don't think of any of them as dominating my

personality, unless you want to make something of the fact that Dôle is a town in France. I don't."

He does not think of himself as a personality at all—which is reasonable enough—and does not care to be drawn into comparisons with Landis, Chandler or Frick. "They are all great men," he says with bighearted inaccuracy. "But my mind does not think that way—whether I want to be a Judge Landis or a Ford Frick. I will try to profit from what they did, but I will also add my

own identity to the job as I see it."

Men like Joe Reichler, who have been around baseball awhile, remember Landis as a jaw stuck out on the top rail of a front-row box, a floppy hat over a reckless white mane, a pair of gleaming eyes cleansing the field with their gaze—the image of baseball's protector. Eckert, from those first days, set out instead to be baseball's buddy. "I think that word 'image' is overworked," he said. He is intent on seeing and meeting everyone, being wherever he might rub an elbow or listen to a problem, as if to make it clear that if he is an owners' man he is also a players' man and a fans' man and a man the press can come to. Not only a judge, but an executive and a PR man, too. "I want to do what's best for baseball," he said.

In Miami he met on equal terms with the executive council, important men named O'Malley and Paul and Giles and Cronin. He talked with Pete McGovern of the Little League and Everett (Eppie) Barnes of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. He met with the player representatives of the 20 big-league clubs and sat with them for a full day. He was particularly proud of that. He spoke often of being "the first commissioner to be invited by the players to their meeting."

He asked a group of Detroit players up to his room for cocktails and small talk. Al Kaline was impressed. "He seems to be for us," he said. Eckert was philosophical. "If I'm going to represent them, to adjudicate, to decide if they need more showers or a better pension plan or whatever, I've got to know them." Hank Aguirre, the Detroit pitcher, was flabbergasted. "I never talked to a commissioner before," he said.

Eckert sat in on a meeting of the major leagues' public relations men. "I did more than just sit," he said. He made it clear he wanted people to know more of the good things baseball does for the world. John Roseboro's work in the Watts section of Los Angeles, for example, Willie Mays's service with the Job Corps and August Busch's donation of a stadium to the St. Louis Boys Club. He said he would try to impress on players and managers and even owners the importance of being available for public relations.

In Florida he haunted the dugouts and batting cages. He chatted with players, coaches and umpires. He shook hands

continued

HER SCHAFMAN



A CONVIVIAL AMBASSADOR is one thing Eckert is trying to be. Above, he wears an Irish hat as he talks solemnly with Jack Surges, former mayor of Vero Beach, at a Dodger St. Patrick's Day party. Below, he poses self-consciously with a trio of Florida court queens.



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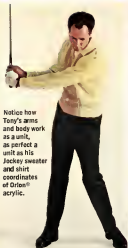


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with fans. He joined owners and executives in box seats. It must have been jolting for him, because he does not make easy conversation; he does not tell funny stories or locker-room jokes. The simple amenities of dealing with civilians seemed a strain on him, but he went along with them doggedly, as if he had missed something by not having to campaign for his \$65,000-a-year job. "The owners came to me, I did not seek them out"—and was now conducting a campaign after the fact.

At the ball park in Clearwater he talked with whole families of baseball people. "That's Jim Bunning," he said. "You probably know him. I was certainly glad to get a chance to talk with his folks." He talked with Richie Ashburn. Richie had been told that Eckert won trophies playing squash in the service. Richie wanted to know how good the commissioner was. "He's damn good," said Joe Reichler, never far removed from Eckert's elbow. "You ought to try him and find out."

"Well, I don't know, now that you put it that way," said Ashburn.

"Oh, you're fired, Joe," Eckert said. "That's no way to line up a match." He smiled, enjoying his joke.

He smiled a lot more as he went from camp to camp and in and out of receiving lines. The Eckert smile turns up at the ends, like that of a porpoise, and it is in such contrast to the usual severity of his expression that you would think it difficult to muster. A woman associated with baseball made conversation with him at cocktail hour and found him "charming, in a very dignified way." Occasionally he would show the strain and become petulant over trifles. A bell-boy at his hotel picked up a paper he thought Eckert had discarded. Eckert asked for it back. "If you want one that bad I'll buy you one," he snapped. He stewed when delays kept him from appointments. Punctual to a fault, he would arrive 30 minutes early, in the military tradition.

He said he liked people and liked talking with the press, and to prove it he endured as many as three interviews a day, some of them tape-recorded. He answered without cue cards. He never once said No Comment, Off the Record or It's a League Matter. "I believe that the press—that means all the communications media—have a priority," he said. He gave Dick Young three

hours in a hotel room in St. Petersburg and afterward Young wrote, "It could be the Lords of Baseball picked a commissioner in spite of themselves." High praise.

He almost never refused an invitation. "He can't say no," growled Reichler. "I tell him, 'Let me say no for you, let me be the sloth,' but he keeps right on accepting." To accommodate his schedule, the new commissioner changed clothes in baseball dressing rooms. He rehearsed speeches at the wheel of his car en route to a ball park, where he more often than not delivered the speech without flourish but also without flaw. Once, getting to Anna Maria Island for a memorial service for Freddy Hutchinson, the late Cincinnati manager, he asked if Reichler would mind if he speeded it up a little. "Go ahead, Commissioner," said Reichler. Eckert bore down on the accelerator. The speedometer on the rented Chrysler Imperial was soon pressing 100.

"Hey, Commish," said Reichler, becoming alarmed. "You realize how fast we're going?"

"For a man who has flown jets this is not so fast," said Eckert, unsmiling. He pulled down on the steering wheel to improve his sitting posture, already starkly erect. "But don't worry, Joe. I know something about these speedometers. The needle may show 100, but we're probably not doing more than 90."

At night he read himself to sleep with an up-to-date edition of the baseball rule book. "If I am going to judge I must know the laws," he said. But wasn't it a bore? "Well, rule books were not meant to be literature."

Almost everywhere Eckert went he had Reichler as his coach and confidant. They make an interesting pair. Eckert's reserve is monumental, his language precise, his clothes conservative. Reichler talks fast and often and waves his arms; his vocabulary is richly colored; he leans to sports clothes that Say Something. He has a roundish face and dark hair and he wears horn-rimmed glasses, when he smiles he looks a little like a jolly Charlie Chan. Reichler was an institution at the AP, an impeccably honest reporter who knew baseball and was candid with his opinions. Not every owner wanted him for the job ("I would not be much use to you, Commissioner, if they did," he told Eckert). He had

continued



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always been "on the other side" but, once accepted, he gave himself to his new job completely. He does not think there should be two sides.

Eckert relies heavily on Reichler. He knows Joe is not a yes-man or an owners' man. Reichler monitors the commissioner's activities ("How's he doing, Joe?" baseball executives ask when they see Reichler) and is teaching him baseball. Eckert uses Reichler as a sounding board. "Wasn't that a key play, Joe, that double steal?" "How was my speech, Joe, too long?" Reichler calls him Mr. Commissioner, or, occasionally, when he wants to loosen him up or slow him down, "Commish." If he was dubious at first Reichler is no longer. He says Eckert grows on you. "I will be surprised if this man does not become an excellent commissioner."

Studied dispassionately, it is not impossible to see the logic in the selection of Eckert. He has that history of command. He has a master's degree in business administration from Harvard. He has been comptroller of the Air Force and, after a heart attack hastened his retirement in 1961, a director of the Logistics Management Institute, which advises the Pentagon. On the board of directors of several companies, he has been involved with industries, labor unions, personal contracts, rules and regulations. He is familiar with Washington, where major league baseball could use some connections for whatever trouble lies ahead over its antitrust exemptions. (But Eckert thinks "lobbyist" is an odious term and does not consider himself one.)

Eckert believes his name got placed among the original 150 "candidates" by an unknown business acquaintance, but as time goes on he begins to see the job as more closely related to the military. Driving to the park at Clearwater one afternoon, he began to tick off what he called the surprising similarities. He seemed eager to make the point, as if to convince himself that he was, at last, on familiar ground. He said both jobs dealt with competitive groups of young men, with physical training, with problems of mobility (the equated moving platoons with traveling ball clubs). He said both had problems with community relations, with radical changes (opening and closing bases as compared with shifting franchises and forming new ones) and the assimilation of people

continued

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UNKNOWN SOLDIER

from various ethnic and religious backgrounds. Engrossed in the analogy, he missed the turn to the park.

He tried to pick up the thought at the game, but he was so conscious of the recognition the fans gave him that he contracted a case of rabbit ears. A man in the next box passed a remark loud enough for him to hear: "Sir?" asked the commissioner, leaning over and smiling. The man was talking to somebody else. Eckert wore the red cap of the Philadelphia Phillies for live innings, then made Reichler fetch him one from the Cincinnati Reds so he would be sure to remain impartial.

Later, over dinner, Eckert was asked to demonstrate some of his homework on certain issues that have been sore spots for major league baseball. He said, for one, that he favored expansion only if enough players could be funneled into the game to keep the quality of play at its present level. He said he believed he would favor interleague play but was giving it more thought. He said, because of certain inequities, he would like to see an end to the division of big league umpires—at present there are American League umpires and National League umpires. All, he thinks, should be under the control of the commissioner. As for the Koufax-Drysdale-Dodgers contract debate, he was leaving that up to the principals.

He said he had recently made his first judgment. He had ruled in favor of a college in a dispute over a boy who was about to sign a professional contract though he already had started his third year of play on the college team. (He said, however, he thought it made sense for a boy to sign after his second year in college "if he truly wants a career in baseball, because if he starts any later he is jeopardizing his chances.") He said he was working for an improved liaison with the NCAA and, in the future, any time he felt a boy's education was threatened he would step in.

Reichler said Eckert was still being drawn into the Milwaukee-Atlanta dispute by every interviewer, though it was unfair because the case had gone to court before Eckert took office.

"No honest question is unfair," said Eckert.

Then what did he think of that situation?

"I think it is regrettable, but I cannot give an intelligent opinion because I have

continued



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received certain conflicting reports. Did the Milwaukee franchise make money in 1964? The club says one thing, the state says another."

All right, then, put it this way. If a particularly self-serving, money-grubbing owner wanted to move his club and you weighed the circumstances and found it not in the best interests of baseball, could you stop him?

Eckert put down his fork.

"I think," he said, "that in this great democracy we live in, if a man wants to take his property somewhere else and can do it legally, then I could not stop him. But I could certainly make known my opinion."

It was, said Reichler, the only possible answer.

But not all of these are strong answers, and some of them are curious. And they raise afresh the other nagging doubts about the man. For example, he seems to regard as an infirmity his meager baseball background; he glosses it over by reciting the 30 or 35 different sports he has played in his lifetime. He reacts the same way to questions about his heart attack, as if there were shame in it, despite the fact that his recovery was so complete he is back playing squash and tennis. And though he insists those first pucky, piddling criticisms did not bother him, he will in the next breath tell how even President Johnson uses cue cards and how you couldn't possibly fly airplanes, from trainers to jets, for 35 years and be a nervous man.

It is part of this curious ambivalence that makes him brush off the true accomplishments of his life—Distinguished Service Medal, Distinguished Flying Cross, Legion of Merit, a three-star general at 51, etc.—in a sentence, and then dwell for as long as you like on the brilliance of his son, Bill. Bill is 6 feet 3 and a great athlete. Bill got straight 800s on his college boards. Bill is on the sup's list at the Air Force Academy. Bill is a lot smarter than his old man.

Still and all, it has been a good three months—four months now—for William D. Eckert. It is possible he will yet live down to those first impressions, but it could also be true that a second impression was more accurate, that the owners have chosen a commissioner in spite of themselves. If nothing has happened that is spectacularly encouraging at least nobody in baseball asks who Spike Eckert is anymore.

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IS THE MASTERS FIXED?

No—but one could easily say it might as well be, for Augusta National is so suited to the golf games of Nicklaus, Palmer and Player that nobody else wins. Here are some strong arguments in favor of redesigning this great course—and a well-considered vote of dissent

BY GWILYM S. BROWN

When the talk turns to who is going to win next week's Masters golf tournament in Augusta, Ga., or next year's, or some Masters of the far-distant future, there may be no point in thinking beyond the three men snuggled into the wide green coat on the cover, Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player. In the past eight years (*see chart*) these three have collected seven of the green jackets handed out annually to the new Masters champion. In fact, since Jack and Gary joined the parade that Arnold started in 1958, the rest of the field has been hard put to even finish second. Scoring averages show that golf's Big Three have dominated Augusta to an astonishing degree. Palmer has averaged 71.48 strokes per round in the Masters, Nicklaus 71.54 and Player 71.79. Next on the list—out of those who have played 25 rounds or more—is Ben Hogan at 72.31, then Bill Casper at 72.83. No other golfer is under 73. The Lemmas, Venturis, Littlers, Heberts, etc. have been on hand merely to fill out the twosomes that toil in vain around Augusta National each year. Compared to the U.S. Open, which has been won by 13 different golfers in the past 13 years, or the PGA, which shows 16 different winners in its last 16 years, the Masters is hardly more in doubt than Batman's tussle with each week's guest villain.

All of this raises interesting questions—questions that are being discussed increasingly by golfers, including the touring pros themselves. Is the Masters a bad golf tournament because only three men now seem able to win it? If so—saints save us from the thought—should the hallowed Augusta course be redesigned? Is it an antique that, because of some unfortunate features, has been outmoded by modern power golf? (One noted pro has called it the most unfair course on the tour, and a famous golf architect, the late Dick Wilson, once said, "The tournament is fine, but they don't really have a golf course.") The questions are good ones, and conversations with the people most immediately involved reveal some interesting thoughts.

The country's other most prestigious tournament, the Open, is played on a different course each year, but one that is always reshaped and regrouped especially for the event. Fairways are narrow, the rough is deep and bunkers are numerous. In a U.S. Open the golfer hits the ball straight or he might never get to hit it again. If playing in the Open is like shooting rapids in a canoe, the Masters is like a brisk ocean sail. There is always plenty of room to maneuver, though if one gets on the wrong tack it can take a long time to move from point to point. At Augusta the fairways are mammoth—70 acres, as compared to about 35 on most courses. There are a mere 45 bunkers, only six of which are fairway traps designed to catch tee shots. The long hitter, and especially one who can hook the ball, can blast away without a qualm. This gives Palmer and Nicklaus a spectacular advantage.

"It amounts to at least 10 strokes a tournament," says Jack Burke, who won a green coat in the balmy days of 1956. "About 12 strokes," says Jimmy Demaret, who must wonder now how he ever managed to parlay short hitting and a natural fade into three Masters titles. "About 12 strokes just on the par 5s," says Billy Casper. The reason their estimates are so high, of course, is that Nicklaus and Palmer take every advantage of their added distance by being superb with their irons as well.

Gary Player is a somewhat different case, but only slightly. He can hit the ball long; he almost keeps up with Palmer at Augusta. "He is a tremendous iron player," says Demaret. "He is unusually successful at Augusta because he is an excellent fairway wood player," says Byron Nelson. "He is a marvelous chopper," says Bobby Jones, Augusta National's eminent president. So much for Gary Player.

But what about Palmer and Nicklaus? Is it fair that they should be able to hit the ball so far and not be penalized when they hit it off line? Nicklaus himself has pointed out (*SI*, April 6, 1964) that the terrain at Augusta is such that the long hitter, in addition to his carry through the air, often receives much greater roll on his drives than the golfer with only average length. A good deal could be done to decrease this advantage.

"I think they should narrow the fairways," says Demaret. "I'd like to see more of a premium put on a straight tee shot." Demaret suggests drastic surgery to accomplish this. The only driving hole that would escape his renovation is the 7th, already a tight par 4 of 365 yards. Demaret would plant trees and put bunkers on 13 holes, with the 18th in line for the biggest overhaul.

"The 18th should be trapped by a series of bunkers run-

ning down the left side of the fairway," he says, "and the hole should be shortened so that the average hitter can at least get to the top of the hill."

Jack Burke would like to see 1, 3, 5, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15 and 18 tightened, but points out that another significant difficulty for the short hitter lies in where the cups are placed. "They try to toughen the course by putting the flags where you don't dare shoot at them," he says, "especially from a long way off. But if you don't shoot for the flags you three-putt a lot. There is hope for the short or average hitter only if he has an unbelievable four days of putting." Doug Ford is against adding bunkers, but he says the par 5s should be lengthened (Nicklaus once hit over the par-5 15th with a drive and a seven-iron).

Even Gary Player thinks the course might well be tightened (largely because of his friend Jack Nicklaus), and he has a sensible suggestion as to how much. "I just believe in the word fair," he says. "I don't think a very long hitter like Nicklaus should have to hit the same narrow area in the fairway that shorter hitters do. In other words, if we both hit the ball 10° off line and I have 25 yards of fairway to shoot at, then give Jack 35. But don't give him 50 or more, which is what he has now at Augusta. Until they narrow the course it is going to be mighty difficult for anyone to ever beat Nicklaus. I think he is going to win the Masters more times than any man who ever lived. A guy like him comes to the last hole needing a 4 to win. He'll just aim it down the left and hit hell out of it. Wherever it goes he only has to hit a wedge to the green. How can the average pro beat Nicklaus there? Put him on an Open course and there are 10 guys who can play him. Nobody can at the Masters."

Tony Lama—somewhat surprisingly, since his long game is well suited to Augusta—agrees that the course should be tightened somewhat, but he brings up another point. "It wouldn't give anyone else a better chance," he says. "Those three would still win."

It goes without saying that Arnold Palmer likes the course just as it is. "I think it is pretty tight now," he says. "Too tight position is already very important. When you hit a bad drive you may not realize it at the time, but you are being penalized exactly according to the size of your error. You may wind up missing the green with your second shot or getting on so far from the pin that you

three-putt. The penalty is assessed at the other end. You know who will be hurt by fairway traps, don't you? Well, not the ones who've been winning."

The fact that the Open has had so few repeat winners Palmer finds easy to explain. "You have to be a good golfer to win the Open," he says, "but luck is a big factor there. You can drive the ball into the fairway, it takes a bad kick and you have an impossible lie in the rough."

Nicklaus tends to agree. "The good thing about Augusta," he says, "is that if you play reasonably well you will do reasonably well. Less is left to chance."

In spite of the talk about changing Augusta National, Nicklaus and Palmer have nothing to fear. The two men who run the Masters—Clifford Roberts, the New York investment banker who serves as tournament chairman, and Club President Jones—are not about to tear up their fairways to plant trees, grow rough or dig holes for sand traps. They would as soon paint a mustache on the *Mona Lisa*.

"This is a members' course," says Jones with a good deal of vehemence, when asked if he thought tightening the course would make the Masters a better tournament. "I do not know whether it would or not, and I do not care. We built the course for the enjoyment of our members, and we intend to keep it the way it is."

"We listen to every suggestion," Cliff Roberts said recently, "and we make improvements, but what we are not willing to do is to put in some temporary, unusual set of conditions that do not ordinarily exist. We do not grow any unusual rough. We do not narrow the fairways. We play the course just as it is, and I think it is a great tribute to the course that more often than not the golfers who are generally recognized as the ablest players are the ones who win the Masters. We do not want a set of conditions that will prevent the best player from making the best score. We don't have to spend money building bunkers or maintaining them. We don't have to look at the ugly things the year round. If the best players don't come to the top at the Masters, that's when we are going to get disappointed. When the obvious flukes and the unknowns begin winning the Masters is when we will begin wondering what is wrong with our golf course."

Cliff Roberts has made an excellent point. Excluding the Big Three, only one U.S. Open champion since 1953 has won another major title. But the Masters is scarcely the only important championship Palmer, Nicklaus and Player have to their credit. The list includes three U.S. Opens, two PGA Championships and three British Opens, as well as almost \$1.5 million in official prize money. They are the decade's finest golfers, and they ought to win the Masters.

Yet the nagging question remains. Is it for the best that fortune has conspired to fix one of the world's greatest golf tournaments so that only three men have a real chance to win? Or is the U.S. Open, with its varying demands and its sometimes fluky winners, a better contest? To this Cliff Roberts simply says: "They are different kinds of shows. You pay your money and you take your choice."

The latest word on this year's choices at Augusta is offered on the following pages, where the Big Three are considered along with the men likeliest to surprise them. Or perhaps this is the year Gene Sarazen wins and the fix-Augusta talk dies forever.

AUGUSTA HAS BECOME THEIR PLAYGROUND

1956	PALMER	7	1962	PALMER	1
	PLAYER	MC		PLAYER	6
1959	PALMER	5		NICKLAUS	10
	PLAYER	5	1963	NICKLAUS	1
	NICKLAUS*	MC		PLAYER	5
1966	PALMER	1		PALMER	3
	PLAYER	6	1964	PALMER	1
	NICKLAUS*	13		NICKLAUS	3
1961	PLAYER	1		PLAYER	6
	PALMER	3	1965	NICKLAUS	1
	NICKLAUS*	7		PALMER	2
				PLAYER	2

*At an amateur
MC: missed cut

CONTINUED



JACK NICKLAUS

The 1965 Masters was the occasion on which Jack Nicklaus broke the tournament record by three shots with a 278—but it was more than that. It also marked the point at which he publicly began to smile and pose and display visible proof that he was more than a golfing machine, to show that he cared whether he knocked an approach shot into a pond or into the cup. Not that Nicklaus became any Red Skelton, but he did set a personal tournament record for cheery smiles and facial contortions, and the galleries reacted to him as never before. They learned, at last, that he is a rather ebullient young man. As a golfer, Nicklaus has always been at ease on Augusta's wide fairways. Now, after seven tournaments there, he has learned to enjoy himself before his big crowds.

Yet it would seem that next week Nicklaus will need whatever additional edge he can get. In the first place, he appears to have prepared for this Masters as if it were a weekend member-guest affair. Prior to his recent three-week swing through Florida, his only tournament of the winter was the Bing Crosby

pro-am in January, and that was more of a party with friends than a competitive effort. He finished the Crosby by hooking two shots into the Pacific Ocean on the 18th hole and started the Doral Open in Miami six weeks later by hitting his first tee shot into a lake. Between these two splashing performances he attended a PGA school in San Antonio and spent most of a month in South Africa, where he went fishing and played a series of exhibitions with Gary Player.

If what happened in the field is any portent, this could be a hard year for Jack. Player beat him by 14 strokes in their six matches, he was attacked by a swarm of bees and he cracked the head of the driver he had used since he joined the pro tour in 1962. Nicklaus estimates that he hit more than 15,000 shots in competition with his old driver and another 45,000 in practice. As the Masters drew near, the MacGregor company, whose clubs Nicklaus uses in the U.S., was having a hard time producing a replacement with the same loft and feel as the one he had become so attached to. Nicklaus also

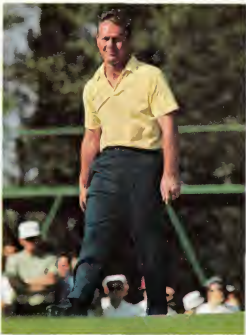
has changed putters. He is trying a Slazenger-Nicklaus model that, in truth, looks just like Palmer's.

But do not be deceived by his troubles, or his public nonchalance. In 1964 Nicklaus finished second at Augusta and felt so depressed that he played poorly for him all summer. Last year he won by three and was so elated that he didn't settle down until August. He is now trying to guard against either reaction with his seemingly casual approach to the Masters. He will be ready. He will go on Augusta for intensive practice a week before the tournament, just as he did last year. His iron game is already "pretty decent," and he says he is "chipping very well, which is unusual for me." His driving is still a problem, but how much of a difficulty can it be? He sprayed tee shots all over the course at the Citrus Open 10 weeks ago and still finished second. Can he become the first man to win the Masters twice in a row? Listen to an expert, who says, "You'd make a lot of money backing Nicklaus, if you could find anyone to bet against you." Who is the expert? Gary Player.



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ARNOLD PALMER



Watching Arnold Palmer play golf has always been dramatic and still is, but the scene of the drama has shifted. His shots from the tees and fairways are as authoritative and spectacular as ever, but they are nothing to the struggle that takes place once he reaches the greens. There the full repertoire of his competitive moods is currently on display: the determined, grouchy, aggravated how-can-this-keep-happening-to-me! and the warm, Arnold's-in-his-heaven aura that comes when a putt goes in. The question is which of the two Palmers will the Masters see the most of next week—the one in the two pictures on the opposite page, whose birdie putt on 18 rimmed the cup on the first day at Augusta last year, or the one above, who had just started the second day by sinking an 18-footer for a birdie.

This has been a good winter for Palmer, which is a marked change from a year ago. "Yeah, I guess I've been playing a little better," he will admit, almost reluctantly, before getting to the subject that really consumes him. "And I've been holing some

long putts. But I'm missing way too many short ones. If you don't make at least 75% of the four- to six-footers you are not going to win many tournaments. I'm lucky if I make half of them." Palmer is now trying to take the putter blade back a very short distance and then push it solidly through the ball and at the hole. He can do it on the practice green, but, he says, "I just can't seem to do it out on the course. I get over the ball, and for some reason I keep thinking that I'm going to pull the putt off to the left." It is just possible that Palmer has become, as now, and forever will remain a bad short putter—and will be a winner in spite of it.

One thing Palmer seems to have straightened out, at last, is his work-as-play conflict. He vowed at the beginning of the 1966 season not to let his vast array of business commitments interfere with his competitive ones. He would give each activity its own time. The plan has worked brilliantly. In his first six tournaments he finished first, second, third, second, 34th and fourth. He is getting

40 tournament ones early, is much more relaxed and is concentrating well. The only time he mixed business and competition was at Phoenix, and that is where he finished 34th.

As he comes into next week's Masters, Palmer fairly reeks of the sweet smell of success. Nicklaus may have his game in shape, but Palmer has had his in shape all winter. He is sharp, and his driving looks like something programmed at Cape Kennedy. His attitude is mightily self-assured, and why not? He always wins the Masters in the even-numbered years—1958, 1960, 1962, 1964. A final plus is that Palmer is even more at home at Augusta National than his chief rival, Nicklaus. The galleries may be warming to Jack after a long cool spell, but Augusta is where Arnie's Army first marched.

"I always feel great there," says Palmer. "The course is kept in such good condition, and the atmosphere is wonderful. I guess you could say I feel that in the Masters I have some kind of home-court advantage."



GARY PLAYER

Gary Player looks the same at any golf tournament. He wears his characteristic black costume, he frowns while concentrating on the course and is smiling and chatty after a good round. But Gary Player at the Masters is a completely different golfer from the one who plays at the U.S. Open or almost any other tournament. At the Open he is prudent and cautious: an approach to the game for which he is noted. He hits the ball straight, and he weighs all the percentages. At the Masters he is more like a pirate wielding a cutlass. He slashes the ball as hard as he can, he hooks his tee shots, he cuts boldly across corners and over creeks.

"It's the only chance I've got against long hitters like Nicklaus and Palmer," he claims. (A slight exaggeration. First, Player is not a short hitter, second, he has often proved that he can hit a fairway wood as close to the pin as most pros can a five-iron.) "I know that I have to take risks or I can't win. This also means that I must prepare differently for the Masters than for other tournaments. For the Open I am always

concentrating on establishing my rhythm, on developing shots that will land softly, on keeping the ball in play. At Augusta I must worry much more about hitting the ball far than hitting it straight. I work on increasing my club-head speed every time I swing. I work on hooking the ball to get more roll."

Changing the nature of a golf swing can be treacherous, but Player has proved he is a superb technician who can get away with it. In the last 10 months he has won tournaments on four continents. In June he won his first U.S. Open and then, despite recurrent neck injuries, went on to take the World Match Play title (England), the Canada Cup (Spain), the World Series of Golf (Akron), and the Australian Open. He made \$70,000 on only 13 official appearances on the U.S. PGA tour. Then he warmed up for his return to the U.S. this March by winning three tournaments in South Africa.

The fact that Player's 1966 American debut was hardly a success—he missed the cut at Orlando—does not indicate what can be

expected of him at Augusta. It always takes a little while for him to adjust to conditions here, including getting accustomed once more to the larger American ball. He also has a problem with altitude. "I practically have to learn how to judge distance all over again," he says. "Golf with a small ball at 6,000 feet in Johannesburg is not the same game as it is here with a big ball at sea level. But I feel quite confident. My game will certainly be ready by the time the Masters starts."

One new reason for Player's confidence is his putting. Last year he changed his stance, placing both feet close together. "My putting has improved beyond all recognition," he says. "I used to be very streaky, sinking everything one day and nothing the next. Now I can say to myself in all sincerity that I'm a good putter, a consistently good putter." This will be especially important on Augusta's big greens.

With a hot putter and his bold approach, Gary could turn out to be more than a match for all the length of Nicklaus and Palmer.

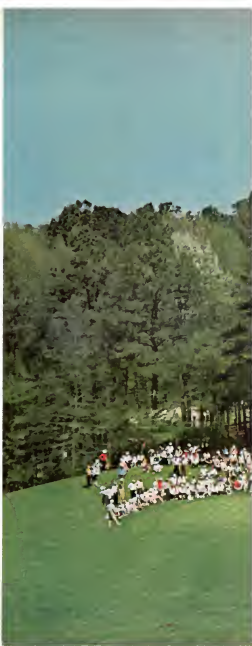


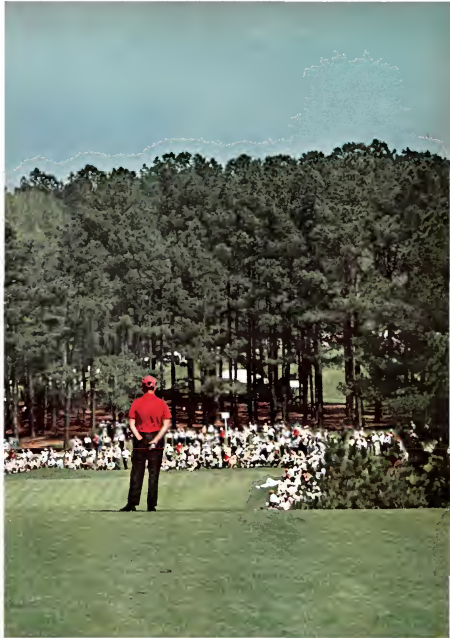
BILLY CASPER

As he stands here on the 6th tee at Augusta, Billy Casper seems to be overshadowed by his surroundings. This, in a strange way, has been his history at the Masters. He has consistently come into the tournament as a strong contender and yet, because of bad early rounds, has never been able to mount a strong challenge.

This year, of course, his figure has changed, and his Augusta habits may change, too. His exotic diet (SI, Feb. 7) has led to a loss of 50 pounds and, at 175, Casper has never felt better. In the past his failures at Augusta might seem to have had an emotional basis—a viewpoint with which Casper himself is inclined to agree. He is preparing for this Masters much differently. He had a good winter, winning at San Diego, but then left the tour following the Phoenix Open in February. He has found he is allergic to a spray used on the Bermuda grass of Florida golf courses, and says it was playing in Florida that always made him sick at the Masters, even last year when he was already much thinner. So this year he played in the Philippine Open and then went on to a two-week tour of Vietnam, visiting American encampments there and giving demonstrations. He planned to come home in late March and start a rigid practice program. This too is different, for Casper does not believe in much practice. Like Nicklaus, he will get to Augusta a week early for still more preparation.

The fact that Casper fades his tee shots is considered something of a handicap at Augusta National. He cannot change that, but he will make some small modifications in his game to suit the course. He is going to try to hit the ball higher and to hook his irons more. Though regarded as one of golf's finest putters, Casper is more concerned about his putting than anything else. "It is the weakest part of my game," he insists. "I've already changed putters four times this year. I'm not hitting the ball solidly and I can't seem to get a line to the hole." If true, this could cause considerable trouble at Augusta, where putting is so important. But his rivals on the tour guffaw at Casper's statements. They are watching Casper's frame of mind, not his putting stroke. If he stands on that first tee with a lean and hungry smile, he could cause anybody trouble.







BRUCE DEVLIN

As far as this Masters is concerned, Bruce Devlin has won the battle of the cripples. Two normally worthy challengers, Tony Lemie and Ken Venturi, have to be downgraded—Lemie because of a sore right elbow and Venturi because he has not yet regained the full sense of feel in his hands. But Bruce Devlin can now walk the fairways or kneel down to line up a putt without worrying about aching legs, and so he joins Casper to form a Little Two with the best chance to knock off the Big Three.

Last year Devlin was a sick golfer, a rather peculiar thing to say about someone who finished second by a stroke in four tourna-

ments, earned \$67,658 and ranked sixth on the PGA money list. But the only title Devlin won on the U.S. tour was that of richest runner-up. Part of this failure to finish first could be attributed to a case of severely painful varicose veins. Until 1983, when he began to enjoy some success as a professional golfer, Devlin, who comes from Canberra, Australia, was a part-time pro and a full-time plumber. The heavy sinks and bathtubs he lifted put such a strain on his thin legs that varicose veins developed.

"The circulation in my legs was so bad," he says, "that after 12 or 14 holes they would be tired and aching. It was painful, and it affected my swing. My legs got lary and my footwork was slow. My backswing and pivot became restricted. I'd get a good round going and then lose it in the last few holes."

Last September, Devlin entered a Houston hospital and had an operation that required 29 incisions and 116 stitches. Then he returned to Australia and spent two hours every day for three weeks wading hip deep in the Pacific Ocean to strengthen his legs. The operation and the sea cure had a therapeutic effect on his golf. Starting on the Australian tour, he finished fourth and sixth, and then won his last two tournaments

on consecutive weeks. Following a nine-week layoff at home, in which he pushed lawn mowers and floor polishers but never touched a club, Devlin rejoined the U.S. tour in March and picked up right where he left off, finishing second at Pensacola. "My legs feel so good now," he says, "that I can hardly keep up with myself. My swing has a new freedom and tempo."

Devlin has the kind of game that suits Augusta National. He is a long hitter, and he moves the ball from right to left. Two years ago Devlin finished fourth in the Masters and last year, despite his ailments and a bad second round, tied for 15th. As he plays himself into shape in the tournaments leading up to the Masters, he is working on increasing his distance.

"I know how strong Palmer, Nicklaus and Player are," he says, "but I don't feel I am giving much away. I'm not about to back off. I'm driving well, and I'm also putting well. When you're sharp at both ends like that, you've kind of got a lock on this game, don't you?"

Devlin's only drawback—and it should not be overlooked—is that in the U.S. he has not yet developed the winning habit. This could also mean that he is about due.

THREE MORE TO WATCH

DOUG SANDERS was feeling strong, playing well and signing all his scorecards at this time last year, and he went on to make one of his best showings at Augusta, a tie for 11th. This year he is feeling stronger and playing even better. The logical conclusion is that he will substantially improve on his 1985 Masters performance. If wholesome living guarantees birdies, he surely will. After years of the joyous life, Sanders is no longer the tour's playboy. He has become the image of dedication, a Gary Player with wavy hair. Now, like all the rest of the pros, he talks about his aches and pains, his anguish and discomfort, then limps out and shoots a 59 or so. He has already won twice this year, including last week's Jacksonville Open.

Sanders has always been considered a sure loser at Augusta on the theory that he is a short hitter. But this is not exactly true. "I prefer tight courses where you have to work the ball around corners, but when I'm playing well the long hitters aren't that much longer than I am," he says. "Where I do lose distance is with my long irons."

He is a fine putter, but his chief strength is his ability to drive with great accuracy, to "work the ball." Therefore, he will try to duplicate Gary Player's plan and attack the course boldly. "I'm going to cut all the corners," he says, "take every edge." This requires a lot of nerve, but Sanders has plenty. If he can manage 72 holes without a mistake he can win. It is a big order but it is not impossible.



GAY BREWER rates as one of golf's least successful winners. In his 10 years on the tour he has won eight tournaments, including last December's PGA National Four-Ball, but has received hardly a ripple of public acclaim. It is typical of Brewer's career, for example, that while he was winning the Pensacola Open last month Doug Sanders was winning the headlines for not signing his scorecard and getting disqualified.

One reason for Brewer's obscurity may be the inconsistent nature of his career. His first decade as a pro was a history of super one day, ghastly the next. Now his game, at last, has changed. At 34 he has developed into a consistently good player. He scored four of his victories in the last six months and has been

playing well when he wasn't winning.

"I think my game has picked up in all departments," he says, "and so has my mental attitude. That is because I've been putting so well. I am putting a great deal better than I ever have going into a Masters."

In addition to his deftness on the putting greens, what makes Brewer a challenger at Augusta is that he is long off the tee. "There are not too many who can out-hit me when I get souped up," he says. And right now he is souped up. Off his past performance chart—his highest finish in five Augusta starts was a tie for 11th in 1982—he is decidedly a long shot next week. But make no mistake: this is a new Gay Brewer. No longer can he be ignored at the Masters.



FRANK BEARD has become, at 26, as good a young player as there is on the tour. He is, like Cassius Clay, backed by a group of Louisville businessmen, and he has paid off their faith in him handsomely. Even a severe—if short—attack of encephalitis, which kept him off part of the tour in 1984, has failed to impede his progress. He came back last year to win the Texas Open, finish third in the U.S. Open and earn \$52,000 in prize money. He is off to another strong start this year.

Beard's swing is so compact and consistent that his golf has a machine-like quality. "It doesn't usually make any difference whether I'm playing an easy course or a tough one," he says. "I always seem to hit the ball about 20 feet

from the hole." He is a good putter. On his way to an eighth-place finish at Augusta last year he averaged only 31 puts a round. Also, even though he concentrates on keeping his drives in play, he does not lack length. "He hits about as far as I do," says Palmer.

Beard is an unusual realist. "I grew up that way," he says. "I always try to see things just as they are. You don't gain confidence by getting up in the morning and talking big about what you're going to do. You gain it by working hard and doing what must be done."

Realistically speaking, does Beard have a chance at Augusta? "I'm never going to beat Nicklaus when he's right," Beard says. "He's too long. But there aren't many others I can't beat on that course."

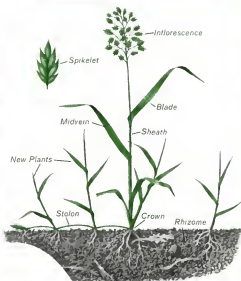


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Dr. M. M. M.

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Americans will spend some \$3 billion in 1966 to stamp out the heal-all, the cudweed, the chinch bugs and the pearlwort and coax their grass into looking "like velvet" or "like the top of a pool table." The country, alas, still suffers acutely from grass mania.

For the sportsman, this is a justifiable state of mind, because his is perhaps the oldest and closest association with the turf. Consider the intimacy with grass of a Willie Mays sliding on his face across the Candlestick Park outfield to clutch a fly ball, or the winner of next week's Masters in Augusta with perhaps a \$20,000 putt to hole out. Not only in baseball and golf is grass important, but football, soccer, Rugby, field hockey, horse racing, lacrosse, croquet, mumblety-peg, cricket, polo and tossing the caber all make their several demands upon the turf. As to the age of this relationship, the medieval

'THE GREEN ELEPHANT'

As winter fades and the lawns of Augusta spread northward, Americans are girding to do battle with a monster of a status symbol

by BARBARA LA FONTAINE

lawn bowler was achieving a smooth grassy surface long before the medieval gardener was.

Sport, and the game of golf in particular, has made specific contributions to the improvement of lawn grasses and maintenance practices. Golf courses in this country, more than the grounds of private estates, are the spurs to all the graminaceous perfectionism going on. Virtually everywhere golf courses exhibit magnificent turf, often through 12 months of the year and, having seen what is possible, millions of homeowners feel compelled to go and do likewise. The market thus created for seed spreaders, aerators, fertilizers, fertilizer spreaders, lawn sprinklers, chemicals, hoses, soil-acidity testing kits, lawn mowers and proportioning sprayers is a very large one, and so is the stake in grass research.

Grass to the homocowher has become what Russell Baker of *The New York Times* christened "The Green Elephant," and at this time a few years ago he was predicting sourly that "millions of hours will be spent listening to grass bores. Respectable citizens will be silently blueguarded by their neighbors for grass failure. Hundreds of thousands of children will be started down the road to neurosis by parents with grass anxiety. . . . Valuable weekend sleeping time will be destroyed by grass-proud neighbors

running their power mowers through the morning dew. . . ."

Mr. Baker was right, of course, and there is no reason to suppose that summer 1966 is going to be any better. This has all been going on for a long time. In 1897 F. Lamson-Scribner wrote in the U. S. Yearbook of Agriculture, "Lawns are the most fascinating and delightful features in landscape gardening, and there is nothing which more strongly bespeaks the character of the owner than

the treatment and adornment of the lawns upon his place." Then, as now, it was necessary to enure the whole thing too far to make sure that one's lawns spoke well of one's character. "If the land is very weedy," F. Lamson-Scribner said, "the cultivation of corn or potatoes for a season will assist in reducing the stock of weeds." At least in those days people showed a decent patience about the business.

For the information of little children who may come to you, in the absence of Walt Whitman, to ask, "What is the grass?" the grass is a monocotyledonous plant of the family Gramineae. True grass has spear-shaped leaves which grow double-ranked and alternate upon a jointed stem. It may grow only an inch in its lifetime or it may keep growing for 100 feet in all (few grasses will reach that height, of course, though the bamboo, which is a grass, can exceed it).

Intensive work on the lawn grasses has been going on for only 10 years, and already strains are being developed that are naturally resistant to disease, are drought-tolerant or water-tolerant and are able to fight off the incursion of unwanted kinds of grass. A healthy, vigorous turf will resist crabgrass, for example, and early-spring applications of a fertilizer that releases its nitrogen slowly should leave nitrogen residues that will

continued



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Ben Hogan



GRASS

stimulate grass growth during the cool-grass germination period. If good grass itself can be kept a few steps ahead, you can avoid having to go in with herbicides to kill everything off and start over.

In Tifton, Ga., where the hybrid Bermuda strains—Tifton, Tifline, Tifway and Tifgreen—were developed, Dr. Glenn W. Burton has unleashed a new hybrid, Tidward, which, it is rumored, will revolutionize golf courses in the South and, as one gathers from the name, will require less mowing. If the researchers just keep busy we should ultimately have a do-it-yourself grass, fighting off weeds, resisting blight and growing to satisfactory heights and stopping there, while we sit on the porch with a gin and tonic and periodically offer it a kind word.

In the meantime, everybody has still got a yardful of old-fashioned grass, and spring is the time to start doing things to it. But what things? Should you be seeding or not seeding, fertilizing or not fertilizing, watering deep or watering shallow? And the clippings—do you take them up or let them lie there or what? By the time you have made your way through garden columns and a few tons of literature from the lawn-care companies, you will have had authoritative and wholly contradictory advice about all of these matters, and the system of lawn care adopted by one of this magazine's editors may begin to sound terrific. "I curse at it," he says.

The reason for contradiction in expert advice is that one really cannot generalize too widely about the choice and care of grasses. Climatically, the United States is divided roughly into four different regions, each suitable to different strains of grass requiring different kinds of maintenance, and within these regions there are differences in soil composition from state to state and from one corner to another of any given six-foot square of front yard.

"There really is no one way to grow grass, because there are so many variables," says Harry Fries, formerly of the Nassau County Extension Service in New York. "The bugs you get will be different, the diseases you get will be different—the combinations can be infinite. Growing good grass really is still an art, and not a science."

Where the question is one of art, it is instructive to go to an artist. Richard Valentine, of the Merion Golf Club in Philadelphia, is a second-generation ex-

pert, the son of Joseph Valentine, who "discovered" Merion blue. In 1932, when he was greenskeeper at Merion, Valentine *pace* observed and isolated a new strain of Kentucky bluegrass growing behind the 17th tee. It took years to develop the variety to a point where seed became commercially available, but Merion blue is now feasible, if expensive, and acknowledged to be the best possible grass for its region (the northern cool lands). "The best grass you can have," said Irvin M. Williams, head gardener at the White House, when he replanted the White House rose garden and told President Kennedy that he was not to allow guests to stand on any one bit of the grass for longer than two minutes. This would seem to be coddling a strain which, in addition to being handsome, is tolerant of heat, cold, drought, disease and wear. It has been elected the grass most likely to survive the activities in Yankee, Briggs and Shea stadiums, the Yale Bowl, Fenway Park and Comiskey Park in Chicago, and if you let it grow to two inches you can even turn children loose on it. County agricultural agents in New York feel that many lawn problems in their area could be avoided if people would spend the money to put in pure Merion.

Joseph Valentine's son grew up raking the Merion sand traps, mowing the Merion greens and learning to take grass seriously. Now 37 and in charge of Merion himself, he may be more hung up on grass than even his father was. "I may be crazy," Richie Valentine says, "but I think of grass as very close to animal life. When I start feeling bad in the summer, I just know that grass is feeling bad." It was a warm summer day during a drought. Out behind the 2nd hole at Merion, Richie Valentine got down on his hands and knees on an experimental zoysia plot. "Look at that root system! They have a wild root system—hear that?" He cut into the sod with a penknife and there was a harsh, ripping sound, he might have been tearing canvas. "Oh, it's a rank grower," he said admiringly. "Here's a strain of one starting to run—see that? See the runner? Let's see if we can trace it out." He traced the grass's subterranean course and lunged with his penknife. "Feel that." The runner had a head that looked and felt like ivory: pale, hard, sharp. "Isn't that murder! I get a kick out of feeling it myself, it's just so rank-grow-

continued

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GRASS *continued*

it two or three times, and with a special mower. Bent grasses, being fine and growing not erect but sort of sideways, must be kept short, not just because you want to putt on them but because they mat and thatch and choke themselves to death.

Bents are the only cool-season grasses that actually benefit from close cutting. The rest of the turf grasses do better left to grow longer than is considered sightly in lawns or practical on playing surfaces, because a deep root system is the *sine qua non* of grass, and the depth of your root system is proportionate to the height of your grass. A need for short grass and deep roots drives golf course superintendents to such stratagems as Valentine's poking fertilizer down deep, to make the roots burrow after it.

Where grass is to be kept short it is essential to mow regularly, because one of the dismaying facts about good grass is that you cannot let it grow to, say, four inches, and come back from vacation and hack it back down to two inches. Valentine gets ill at the thought "If you want to bring down four inches," he says, "you cut it down by half inches, a half inch every five or seven days. If you cut it right down to two, you're playing with fire.

"You can only expect so much of grass," says Valentine. "This constant pounding! Golf carts, mechanical mowers—it's like rabbit-punching the grass. When does it get a chance to grow? You go to bed at night, but now *they* play night golf.

"Between the middle of August and Labor Day, that's when you don't want to eat, when you feel wilted, just like the grass. You have to be careful with everything, even your watering. You can't just throw water around like a wild man. We had to go into our faraway watering program at night," he said resignedly of the dry spell he and the grass were currently enduring. "and we held our greens pretty well, but we probably started new diseases."

It is generally agreed that in the extremely dry parts of the country, where you could not grow a fungus in a wet bucket, regular night watering may encourage fungus disease, but you have to allow golfers on the course during the day. It is just one of the crosses greenkeepers must bear. "A little bit of water is deadly," Valentine says. "That's like teasing grass, so to speak. I don't

know how to explain it. Like you just walked across the Mojave Desert and you want a drink and somebody gives it to you in a saltcellar."

Other experts (except for the Scotts lawn-care company) agree with Valentine that no watering is better than a little. A bit of water encourages the shallow-rooted undesirable weeds and grasses, strengthening them and doing nothing for the deeper-rooted turf grasses. Some unwanted grasses can even be controlled by using dry conditions to choke them out while the good turf holds on. "A fairway that has never been watered," he says, "that doesn't get watered year after year, has better grass in it, it acclimates itself, and when you get a cool night and some rain it comes back better than ever."

In 1895 F. Lamson-Scribner, the gentleman who delivered himself of those observations about a man's lawn and his character, wrote, "The gardener will . . . soon discover individual peculiarities in the plants he cultivates, and de-

fect variations which may be found to be as fixed or permanent as those which limit species." It is the intensity of a grass gardener's concentration on his plants' "individual peculiarities" and his knowledge of the infinite variety of effective circumstances that result in a superior turf.

And it is the absence of this specific knowledge and attention that constitutes the relative weakness of lawn-care-company grass-growing. The large lawn-care companies necessarily deal with their customers en bloc, and any plan, even a ponderously flexible one, that involves a lot of general directives probably will produce acceptable but not optimum results. Companies do their best, of course, since it is not going to be to their advantage to advocate procedures that will leave a customer with a patch of mud. But seed mixtures, amounts and kinds of fertilizer and multiple-purpose pesticides, all meant to be used across large chunks of the country, stand less chance of being the best for any given lawn.

"They recommend materials we don't need here," says an Arizona agent. "They develop mixes that cover everything, so you're spending money for two or three things when you're only trying to control one."

"They do advocate program, though," says another. "And I like program."

For a reasonable man who has enough trouble without falling in love with a lawn, for a man who does not require perfect grass or worry about paying for chemical controls he may not need, commercial programming is usually sufficient. A grass fanatic, however, should, and would, enjoy really learning for himself what he is doing. All over the United States he will receive courteous and informed assistance from his local county agricultural agent, who will be knowledgeable about the specific local conditions on the one hand and the recent agronomical advances on the other. "We know from experience what will work here," an agent in Wyoming says, "and we aren't trying to sell anything."

continued



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"We answer two or three hundred calls a day about lawns," says Nassau County Agricultural Agent Bill Titus. "Our most serious problems are the wrong variety of grass, and insect and disease damage. The queries vary with the time of the year, and usually we can take care of a lot of them over the phone. The first thing we hear in early spring will be leaf spot. Then drought. The grass will be turning smoky gray, and following that will be browning out. It's hard to convince people that that's what they've got, because they water, so you go out and look, and it's wet on top, and you dig in and it's powder-dry underneath." The Nassau office sends out releases on current problems, works with commercial lawkeepers and garden-supply centers and in the summer holds lawn clinics. "We have had as many as 3,000 people show up—we were a little overwhelmed."

The lawn-owner who wants to go beyond the specific what-to-do afforded by a county agency to an understanding of why to do it should part with \$10.95 and buy a book, by Agronomist H. Burton Musser called *Turf Management*, a publication of the U. S. Golf Association and McGraw-Hill. *Turf Management* is written primarily for those responsible for large turf areas such as golf courses, and thus it may contain somewhat more information than the homeowner really requires, such as discussion of how much to pay a course superintendent to enable him to attend turf conferences. But, as it is written for men who must maintain good turf or be fired, it is specific, thorough and technical, and yet so comprehensible that Agronomist Musser could be regarded as the Dr. Spock of lawn care.

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Tire C—1750 rpm's.

The Tiger Paw—1900 rpm's.

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Our purpose this time was to see how short each set of tires could stop on a wet track when the brakes were locked at 60 mph.

The results:

Tire A—170.5 ft.

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Conclusion: On wet roads, those other high-performance tires didn't even come close to the Tiger Paw.TM

What about dry roads, though? How does the Paw corner there? How does it accelerate? How does it stand up at ultra-high sustained speeds? Read our other ads and find out.



With 19 years of playing and coaching professional football behind him, **Clyde Turner** turned to horse racing, his pursuit of which has just been saluted by "Bulldog Turner Day" at New Mexico's Sunland Park. Owning a string of 25 horses running or in training, hard-bitten Bulldog is becoming sentimental and philosophical in the afternoon of his days. He races under silks of blue and orange, shades of his old team, the Chicago Bears, and he asserts that in training athletes and horses one finds certain resemblances, "except the horses are the easier to get along with."

Hollywood's last authentic boulevardier, 66-year-old **Tim Durant**, for nearly 40 years the poolside playmate of filmland aristocrats, may have recently been living in relative obscurity—but no longer. This master of San Fernando Valley foothills captured the fancy and won the good wishes of hundreds of Britons when he rode King Pin in the most grueling of races, the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree. Poor King Pin ran out of gas at the 20th jump, but Durant felt fulfilled. "If my being in it has put in focus the need for the British people to save this great race, I shall be satisfied," he said, referring

to an all-too-present danger that the course will be converted into a housing development.

Scaling the mossy, lofty walls of the elite Académie Française has humbled more than one would-be Immortal—such as **Émile Zola**, the literary giant of the 19th century, who was refused membership 13 times. Preparing for what could be another long siege is **Henri de Monfreid**, the 86-year-old author and explorer, who thus far has been rebuffed by the academy twice. He is keeping himself in climbing trim by daily workouts in Paris' Bois de Boulogne—jogging for an hour, leaping piles of leaves, somersaulting, shimmying up the trunks of trees (below). Doctor's orders? Don't be silly. "I never consult a doctor," says De Monfreid. "Perhaps that's why I'm still alive."

With the sleep barely out of his eyes one recent weekend morning, **Sammy Baugh** blinked, thinking he had seen himself flicker across the television screen in a lurid episode of *King of the Texas Rangers*. Fact is, he had. The picture was a 12-part cliffhanger serial *Texas Rancher* Baugh made in 1941 for Republic Pictures. It opens with Sammy scoring the winning touchdown for Texas over Alabama

—only to discover that gangsters have rubbed out his father. Eyes flashing, Baugh enlists in the Rangers to seek vengeance against the culprits, who are led—holy leopards, what a change of spots!—by Ned Hamilton, Gotham City's shaped-up police commissioner. "I still don't know whether I got the girl in the end," says Sammy, "but one thing I do know: they ought to burn the damn thing."

"I worked hard at that other game," said **Allie Reynolds**, one of the finest pitchers the New York Yankees ever had, "but I play golf for fun—for exercise and enjoyment." The Chief has the proper attitude, all right, for as he and his partner walked off the course at the end of Houston's Champions Cup amateur tournament, their 22-over-par score earned them the 66th position in a field of 70 teams. "Of course, I don't play golf well," Allie added amiably and not the least bit concerned.

Passing through Atlanta for a luncheon with fellow Republicans, sometime candidate **Richard Nixon** told a television reporter about to interview him: "Be sure to ask me something on sports. My favorite hobby is keeping up with the sports world." Duty prompted, the reporter steered the conversation that way, giving Nixon the opportunity to speak his mind about the hapless Mets and his own forgettable football days at Whittier College.

Falling for a 64-foot yawl he had spotted in dry dock, Shipping Executive **Jakob Isbrandtsen** was moved to buy her for an undisclosed lot of money. That raised the question of what to do with *Wind Rose*, the 48-foot yawl he already owned. Isbrandtsen has solved the problem by giving *Wind Rose* to the Marine Maritime Academy, which supplies many of the officers manning the ships of his huge American Export Isbrandtsen line. And, as an extra added attraction, Isbrandtsen will

sponsor *Wind Rose* and an MMA crew in June's Newport-to-Bermuda yacht race.

Left to themselves, the rattlesnakes move right into downtown Sweetwater—hence the annual hunt to keep the rattlers at least outside the city limits. On hand this year was Texas Tech Halfback **Donny Anderson**, who is, additionally, Green Bay's \$600,000 draft choice. Said Anderson, gingerly holding a wriggling five-foot diamond-back: "Maybe this is against my contract. I'm not supposed to participate in any sport without Coach Lombardi's permission."

"I'd rather have peace of mind than five points," said Broad Jumper **Willie White** with a shrug one night last year. She had just insisted that AAU judges, because of careless officiating, give England's Mary Rand a second chance to beat her—which Mary Rand thereupon did. The other day, given a fine bronze medal in Paris by UNESCO's International Committee for Fair Play Trophies to go with her peace of mind (below), Willie wondered what all the fuss was about. "My gesture toward Mary Rand," she said, "was the most natural thing in the world. I never would have thought it deserved a special prize."



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TENNIS / *Martin Kane*

The old game stages a rally

Playing on a rubber surface that slowed the ball but not the action, the pros last week reminded everyone what ground strokes are like

Something new was added to indoor tennis at Madison Square Garden last week, and if it endures, as seems most likely, a bit of subtlety will have been restored to a game that has been criticized by Tilden era oldsters as too dependent on the pure violence of the big serve and big volley. The long rallies of other years, with their geometric precision of attack and defense, the tactical placing of the opponent to set him up for sudden death, the effective use of spin—these came back to the sport at what was billed as the 1st Annual Madison Square Garden Invitation Tennis Tournament, a professional affair promoted by Jack Kramer and the Garden jointly and a true four-day tournament, not just an exhibition featuring a few touring stars.

What was new, relatively, was the court itself, made of a rubber composition developed by the UniRoyal-U.S. Rubber Co. and already tried out in Los Angeles, Chicago and Detroit. It had its first thoroughgoing test under the feet of a representative array of topflight players at the Garden. To judge by the quality of the play and the enthusiasm of the crowds (35,981 in four days), it was a grand success.

It seemed also to play a significant part in the outcome. Kenneth Rosewall, who at 5 feet 7 never has been an exponent of the big game, won the singles prize of \$5,000—the most generous purse since the professional game began—by knocking off Pancho Gonzalez in a wildly exciting semifinal and going on to take his Australian compatriot, the top-seeded Rod Laver, in the finals on Saturday night.

Up to that point, Laver had been the only player to achieve consistent success by following his hard service instantly

with a charge to the net. His serve-and-volley attack defeated the Welshman Mike Davies in the opening round and then crushed Earl (Butch) Buchholz Jr. in the quarter-finals and Andres Gimeno of Barcelona in the semifinals, as he lost only two games in the latter two matches. Finally, Laver encountered Rosewall, who had been seeded second to him.

A red-headed left-hander whose wrist, like that of Lew Hoad, is noted for the deception it puts into shots, Laver holds the distinction of being the second man (Don Budge was the first) ever to win tennis' amateur grand-slam. He is also one of the most imperturbable players the sport has seen since poker-faced Helen Wills, his demeanor remaining



ON THE NEW SURFACE, KEN WAS KING

throughout a match as unruffled as his neatly parted hair. Although he is only an inch taller than Rosewall, Laver's service combines force with accuracy, and his volley is not only powerful but scientifically angled (that wrist again) to put the ball where no man can retrieve it.

Rosewall, on the other hand, is almost Laver's opposite in style. He does all things well but is spectacular chiefly at the net, placing himself in precisely the right spot after each shot and, with his extraordinary reflexes, presenting the illusion of a wall beyond which nothing can pass, not even lob. There is beauty in every one of his moves. With this style he had defeated a violently determined Gonzalez the night before, and now he faced a coolly determined Laver.

Rosewall handed the big Laver serve with no substantial difficulty, though he had had some trouble with the Gonzalez delivery. The rubber surface slowed the ball just enough so that he was able to come in on it. Once the ball was in play after the serve had been returned, he was more than Laver's equal. He proved this in the seventh game of the first set by breaking his fellow Aussie's service on a smashing overhead volley and a backhand passing shot that set the gallery screaming. He went on to win the next two games too, for four in a row, taking the set 6-3.

Outwardly, Laver appeared undisturbed at this point, but inwardly there must have been some stirring of the pulse, for his game seemed to take on new life as the second set began. He broke Rosewall's service in the first game, then held his own service in the second. Just like that, there was Rosewall, at 0-2, with his task clearly defined. Rosewall then called into play his ground strokes, which may be the best in the game. He loosed one of his backhand passing shots to even the set at 3-3. Laver turned his head so as not to suffer the pain of looking at it. Rosewall made the seventh game a love job. Next he broke Laver's service, and possibly his heart, with a hair-raising ball that teetered atop the net, then dribbled over onto Laver's side.

Now Rosewall was in command once more, and he proved it. He topped off the match by winning his service in the ninth game and that made it 6-3, 6-3. The soft-spoken Laver made a gentlemanly speech to the effect that he would try for revenge next year.

continued

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The financial effect was to give Rosewall \$5,000 for winning the singles, \$750 for coming in second in the doubles to Laver and Buchholz, and \$100 for being a first-round winner. Total: \$5,850.

It was by no means easy, especially getting past the 37-year-old Gonzalez, who is the perfect figure of a tennis player and has been a professional since he was 21. Rosewall's semifinal match with Gonzalez was, in fact, the ultimate in dramatics. What with Pancho ordering ball boys about, picking lint off the service line, protesting the use of strobe lights by photographers and taking a relaxing stroll through the gallery after losing his second service, it was clear that he intended to win. Victory would have been a magnificent comeback for a fellow who had retired from the game, so to speak, in 1962.

There is no suggestion here that he should retire again now. Gonzalez adds a dimension to the game that the truly great players always have given it. He still has what is fashionably called a

charisma about him. What he was up against, though, was youth cum excellence—Gonzalez is 37, remember, Rosewall 31—an insistent opponent who so confused Gonzalez with cross-court shots and net play that he howled in dismay when, in the 12th game of the second set, he drove an utterly easy shot into the net. He was anguished by three double faults in that set, and that was pretty much the story of the whole affair. Gonzalez made his own errors, and Rosewall compounded them for him.

The tournament was most certainly a financial success in that it excited a tennis-hungry New York and, with \$25,000 in prizes at stake, drew a likely total of \$175,000 or so at the gate, an estimate which led Promoter Kramer to declare it a fixture. It presented once more, for the nostalgic, 44-year-old Francisco (Pancho) Segura, the venerable Ecuadorian with the two-handed forehand, and introduced an interesting rookie, Pierre Barthes, the French Davis Cup player, who is 20 years younger

than Segura and possesses a serve that can scar the court, though there is little else to be said for his game. It also disclosed that Lew Hoad may be at the end of the road. He had the misfortune, to be sure, of coming up against Gonzalez in the quarter-finals—an accident of the draw, perhaps—but he lost to him by a humiliating 1-6, 1-6, about as bad a beating as the Australian has ever suffered. Hoad also depended heavily on his partner, Rosewall, in the doubles. What with Hoad's errors and almost desultory play, both Australians were lucky to reach the finals of the doubles, which they lost to Laver and Buchholz 3-6, 2-6.

As in all tournaments, there was good play and bad play. What counted was that, in the main, the good outweighed the bad and that there has been a revival of hope for those of us who would like to see tennis restored to something like —although not necessarily the same as—the game played in the days when a point needed more than a big serve, a charge to the net and a volley. **END**



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Allez, France! with skis and water pistols

In a dramatic last-event stand the French captured the Werner Cup and then won the battle of the Boiler Room at the Sun Valley Lodge

The Sawtooth Mountains that surround charming old Sun Valley look like huge chocolate muffins with gobs of white icing oozing down the sides, but there was no sweetness on them last week. There was, instead, the grim and bitter American International Team races, the last big Alpine ski meet of the winter, and you had to wonder for a while if the French and Austrians would not have preferred to settle the affair with a few karate whacks. The powerful French finally settled it by skiing the best, just as they had done at Stowe (SI, March 28), while the Austrians boasted and complained, just as they usually do when they lose. And in the midst of it all, the crippled U.S., searching for mere glimmers of hope, discovered a couple of its brightest prospects in many a snow-fall.

Ski races most often are friendly events with a lot of fancy stretch clothes around, the necessary doses of beautiful people, thermoses full of spiked coffee, picnics under way along parts of the courses and heaps of international goodwill at the finish gate. Sun Valley had most of this, but it primarily had a furious competition for the Werner Cup between the French and Austrians, for that trophy would be recognized as official proof of team supremacy until the world championships at Portillo, Chile, next August. Thus, on the last day, when France had to come from behind to win, the slopes of Baldy Mountain came alive with as much drama as you would find in the fourth quarter of a close football game.

Led by its top racers, Jean-Claude Killy and Marielle Goitschel, the French carved out a lead in the slalom on Thursday. But the Austrians' mighty downhill strength overwhelmed everyone on Friday, as Heinz Messner, Karl Schranz and

Egon Zimmermann bumped down the 2.1-mile course and finished one, two, three. At this point all the spectators around the finish who had been amused by the loud boasting of Schranz for two days might have been tempted to take him more seriously.

"I am the greatest skier in the world," Schranz had been saying to anyone within earshot. "It is not Killy—it is me." He said it so often and so threateningly, both on the slopes and in the hotel lobby, that he earned himself the underground nickname of Cassius Muhammad Schranz.

The Austrians were very unhappy with everything. They didn't like their hotel rooms at Stowe or Sun Valley, rooms that were better than most of the Tennessee Williams-type accommodations that ski racers usually put up with in the Alps. They were tired, they said, not at their best, because they had been racing so much. The French had raced as much, but there were no Austrian comments on that.

"You are stupid, stupid, stupid!" was the way Schranz put it to one astounded journalist in the lobby of the Challenger Inn before about 20 spectators. The man fought back by folding his arms and giggling.

"I am the great ski racer for 10 years," Schranz bellowed. "I may never come back here. I am not liked."

He was pretty close to correct, of course, on both counts. Few men, if any, have won more than Karl over so many years, and he was magnificent at Sun Valley—the best combined skier. He was second in the slalom on Thursday, second in the downhill on Friday, and when he captured the giant slalom on Saturday morning, upsetting Killy by .28 second, it looked as if Schranz singlehand-

edly had skied Austria into a team lead that could not be erased. But as Schranz boasted, the French girls were preparing for their event. And up the hill climbed the French men—Killy, Leo Lacross, Guy Périllat, Georges Mauduit and Jules Melquiond—to station themselves at the tough turns so they could shout encouragement and warnings to their girls. If Marielle Goitschel could win and if Annie Famosé could place at least third, and if Florence Steurer and Isabelle Mir—two 16-year-olds—could also land in the top 10, France would beat Austria for the Cup.

"Allez, France!" they bellowed as Marielle tore down the course.

"Allez, Marielle, mon trésor!" roared Lacross.

"Porte difficile!" shouted Killy.

Marielle Goitschel got her first place by 1.16 seconds with a slammung clutch run. Annie Famosé got third, Isabelle Mir took eighth and Florence Steurer, ninth. And, suddenly, the French burst into a wild celebration. Marielle tumbled down the hill to hug and kiss Annie. Annie hugged and kissed Isabelle. Isabelle hugged and kissed Florence, and down came the men. Girls kissed boys. Boys kissed boys. Girls kissed coaches. Coaches kissed journalists. Out came a banner on two poles that said, "Allez, France," and they all went skiing under it, all of them yelling, "Formidable!"

The celebration got a little too wild later on. The French sped into Ketchum, bought up a bunch of water pistols and headed back to the Boiler Room in the basement of the Lodge, Sun Valley's most notable discotheque. The girls playfully squirted water on everyone, including the waitresses, and one waitress promptly dumped a pitcher of beer on Marielle. A small riot ensued. Marielle lit into the waitress as if she were an Austrian. It took two strong men to separate them—Cassius Schranz might have done it alone—and the whole unfortunate scene ended before anyone had to leap on a chair and start singing *La Marseillaise*. The opinion of the judges, by the way, was that Marielle Goitschel had won again. Standing enviously by to watch all the French celebrating were the second-place Austrians, the third-place Swiss, the fourth-place Canadians and the Americans, who had skied without the injured Billy Kidd and, therefore, were never in contention.

Coach Bob Beattie had some things to

smile about, nevertheless. Jimmy Heuga proved to be the third-best combined racer in the meet, just as he was at Stowe, and also the third-best point-scorer behind Schranz and Killy. Little Wendy Allen won the Sun Valley Challenge Cup on Sunday, beating all the top European girls in the giant slalom. Mainly, though, Beattie was pleased to find that his emphasis on the downhill—"the bossevent," he calls it, "where the men are"—was beginning to pay off. Right there in the finish of the downhill on Friday, with all those great names like Messner, Schranz and Zimmermann, were a stock-car racer and a quarterback, respectively, Jim (Moose) Barrows and Jere Elliott.

All along Beattie has been saying that Barrows, 21, and Elliott, 19, were "real athletes who had a chance to do something." They had the kind of credentials he liked—both are from Steamboat Springs, Colo., the late Bud Werner's home, both are good at other sports, both are bigger and stronger than racers like Heuga and Kidd and both are more

enthusiastic about downhills than slaloms. "Slalom is the passing game, and downhill is the ground game," Beattie has said often. He had finally convinced Billy Kidd, and Kidd, in fact, won a third in the Hahnenkamm downhill at Kitzbühel, the best American downhill finish in seven years in that kind of company. Heuga also has improved, as evidenced by his fifth at Stowe and ninth at Sun Valley.

But Barrows and Elliott were even more impressive at Sun Valley because they were total surprises. Barrows, a glib, grinning, good-natured young man, blasted out of the pack to place fourth; Elliott, competing as an individual and not as a member of the U.S. team, flashed into a tie for sixth. Moose Barrows has been a four-event skier at the University of Colorado—slalom, downhill, cross-country and jumping—until this year when Beattie directed Jim's efforts more explicitly to downhill. He has also been a stock-car racer and cracked up his own self-made auto. "It's a good

sport," he says, "but I think skydiving might be better than anything. I'm going to try it this summer, if I can get me a parachute."

"After the FIS," says Beattie.

Jere Elliott was first team quarterback at Steamboat Springs High for three seasons. He was a left-handed passer who could also run, but he never got quite big enough to try football in college. A sophomore at Colorado, he may never again get any closer to a football than Barrows will to a parachute. Their souls belong to Beattie now, for their performances in Sun Valley put them on the FIS squad. If Billy Kidd's ankle heals and allows him to return to his early winter form, the U.S. team at Chalk should be its best ever.

"We're finally getting athletes in this sport," says Beattie. "And that's the whole problem. In Austria, the Jim Browns and Paul Hornungs are on skis. The Austrians should be flattered that everyone wants to beat them so badly."

They aren't.

END

Color is the keynote of Foot-Joy's new patent leather golf shoes for women!



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SPORTING LOOK

THE SPEED SET

The woman who likes speed can now dress the part, for this summer's newest sportswear designs are inspired by track and turf. In California, particularly, much store is set by being one pace or one lap ahead, and it was in California that these pictures were taken—at Santa Anita, at Willow Springs race-track and at Briggs Cunningham's new Costa Mesa museum of racing and touring cars. At right: Cindy Ferrare—wearing a geometric design derived from the victory flag—congratulates Bill Young, a Willow Springs winner in his Lotus Elan S-2.

CONTINUED





PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON ORNITZ

Checkered sunglasses (with lens developed for the military) complement racing gloves



A red silk duster, for fast driving in an open car, matches the color of ski goggles with rims of spotlight-red plastic.



Framed by vintage symbol of speed—wheel of a 1911 American Understung—Carroll Roebke wears copy of actual jockey silks.



Dashing jockey caps, worn at Santa Anita, come in a whole stable of unbridled colors. Pinwheel caps are of hand-crocheted straw.



A racy favorite for footwear this year, transparent plastic is here adapted to the cut and style of a track shoe and a zippered boot.



Racing silks and mud jackets made by manufacturers of the real thing for jockeys will be worn as shirts or jackets by sports-minded women. These polka-dotted jackets shown at Santa Anita racetrack are even waterproof.

WHERE TO BUY

On the opening color page, Cindy Ferrare wears a nylon-stretch dress with black-and-white checkerboard-flag trim. By Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier, it is \$30 at Bonwit Teller, New York; Joseph Magnin, Los Angeles; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas.

On the succeeding two color pages, Carroll Roetke (top) wears racing silk shirt by Clotheshorse. It is \$45 at Bonniers, New York. The checkerboard sunglasses have Ray-Ban G-15 lenses. They are by Bausch & Lomb, sell for \$35 at Marshall Field, Chicago; Meyrowitz, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. The Kay Fuchs gloves are of stretch-nylon mesh and synthetic leather. They are \$5 at Jordan Marsh, Boston; The May Company, Los Angeles. The duster worn by Dale Brown (center) is \$85 at Adolfo, New York. The track shoes are \$13, the zippered boots \$20 at Capezio, New York. The raffia jockey caps by Vesumont are \$6 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. The polka-dot caps of cotton piqué are by Therese Ahrens and are \$6 at Abercrombie & Fitch, New York. The knitted white sportswear worn with the caps is all by Geist & Geist at Bloomingdale's, New York.

The polka-dot mud jackets (left) worn by Cindy Ferrare and Dale Brown are polyurethane-coated duck. They are \$25. The black-banded silk worn by Carroll Roetke and the check-sleeved shirt worn by Marty Koppenhaver are of satin. They are \$45. All are at Bonniers, New York.

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A storm in a calm over Tempest

England's new Olympic candidate challenges the aging Star class

In theory, the One-of-a-Kind regatta which takes place every three years or so in the waters of Florida is supposed to make sea lawyers either put up or shut up. In theory, after its three days of interclass racing are over, there can be no more questions or arguments about which boat is best or which class is fastest. In theory, that is.

In practice, by matching single representatives of almost every one-design class against boats of every other class, the One-of-a-Kind starts a lot more arguments than it ever finishes. And it was no different last week as a wildly disparate fleet of 86 mismatched craft sailed and drifted around Tampa Bay.

Because of the enormous range and variety of boats present, there is always an attempt at the One-of-a-Kind to equalize inequalities by the use of a rating formula, but everyone knows that what really counts is crossing the finish line first. This year everyone was watching to see which of two particular boats, the 23-foot Star or the 22-foot Tempest, did it more often.

Ever since 1932 the Star, which is sailed almost everywhere in the world, has been the official Olympic two-man keelboat. It wants to keep that honor. But the Tempest is also a two-man keelboat. Newly designed by England's Ian Proctor, she made her European debut by beating the transoms off eight other would-be Olympic contenders in trials last year. Since there is room in Olympic competition for only one class of two-man keelboats, the partisans of the Star class are not eager to have the Tempest chosen.

At Tampa Bay the rivalry between the



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(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)

BOATING continued

Next day, in a breeze only slightly stronger, the Tempest came up from behind and finished first to the Star's third.

The third race was postponed until late in the day in hopes that a breeze might finally come up. The crews fretted around the clubhouse drinking beer and Cokes. They were told a gun would signal departure from the dock for the starting line. "I reckon," said Oakeley, "it'll be like Le Mans: bang! and everyone jumps into their boats."

Bang went the gun at last—and so it was. Everyone jumped for his boat, and the fleet headed for the line once more. Running lazily downwind, the spinnakers in blue, white, red, flame, green, black and parts-color made the boats appear more like a collection of Christmas ornaments than a racing fleet. Notable, of course, for her lack of any spinnaker whatever, was the Star. Not surprisingly, she finished behind Tempest, which seemed to enjoy this doldrums kind of sailing.

Star won the next race in an eight-knot blow. Then Tempest beat the Star in the fifth. This final win gave Tempest the lead over Star in points, which proved to the Tempest crowd that theirs was the better boat. All it proved to Star people was that Tempest can sail fast in light air.

Whether or not the Tempest will ultimately replace the Star in Olympic ranks depends on a lot more than a freak compilation of racing points on Tampa Bay. True, no victory ever hurts a boat, and the O'Day Corporation which, along with PlasTrend and the Schock Co., plans to build and market the Tempest, probably doubled its bets after last week. They already have 54 orders on hand. But 54 Tempests, even when added to the hundreds ordered overseas, is a long way from 5,000 Stars. The new boat, as America's Cup Skipper and IYRU Committeeman Bob Flavier pointed out, must still prove its popularity throughout the world of Olympic yachtsmen. It must prove also that it can entice sailors as able as those who already campaign in Stars.

Tempest Skipper Oakeley is confident of the outcome. "By 1972," he said flatly, "the Star will be replaced." Star Skipper Richard Stearns did not actually sniff audibly, but what he said sounded like a sniff. "I thought," he said condescendingly, "that Tempest would be faster."

END

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The early finger look



Craig Wood in the play of 1934

Nelson bleeds at an Open



Jimmy and the
the subtlety of Asquith



Bill Runyan and Torrey Penna bank Bouty Jones at the Open

Lawson Little, last of the



Dwight Davis and Jimmy Hanks

IT WAS FUN TIME IN THE THIRTIES

BY DAN JENKINS

Arnold Palmer flitting around in his twin-booster, partly deductible rocket ship *PGA One*, and Billy Casper eating baked leopards' feet and sea-lentil casserole for all those allergies, and Gary Player, the Lord improving his lies, always suiting out in bondage black—*you call this colorful!* You like it that the pros play the same event every week, a \$500,000 Lucky Desert Cajun, everybody getting rich by finishing a neryv 29th? It doesn't bother you that Jack Nicklaus isn't there because he is limiting his play to five tournaments a year—the Grand Slam plus one to be announced—and is off in Addis Ababa filming a TV series? You chuckle and nudge your friends, do you, when Al Besselink grins at a lady scorer and hollers, "Say, bey-bah, old Al done got hisself a birdie?" You wink all around when you see that full parade of snug, flowered bell-bottoms foraging after Doug Sanders? And it really swings, does it, upstairs in the cocktail lounge when Lionel Hebert works his handicap down from 8 to 6 on the trumpet? Say, bey-bah, you know something? If you think the tour is fun now, you would have gone right out of your Spalding Dot back in the Thirties.

Boy, *those* Thirties. Fun Time. The years when *continued*



Sam Snead had hair, right there on his head, parted on the left, when Ben Hogan was a runt with a wild hook and a snap-bein' hat; when Jimmy Demaret had pink shoes and violet pants; when Ky Lafoon anointed the greens with tobacco juice; and when Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, in their sailor suits, couldn't do the Big Apple much better than Joan and Paul Runyan or Emma and Harry Cooper. It was Fun Time, all right, Fun Time on the pro golf tour—because if you couldn't laugh about it you might as well go back to mowing fairways and raking cottonseed-hull greens.

The game still belonged to the amateurs in the early Thirties, you see, to aristocratic young men with hyphenated names and blonde sisters. A professional was anyone who had caddied after he was 14, who could wrap leather grips and who took his meals in the kitchen. The exact date is not recorded when people first realized a pro could make a nine-iron back up better than an amateur, but it happened somewhere in the Thirties. At about the same time Walter Hagen finally convinced everyone you could let a pro in the front door and he wouldn't steal the crystal. These two circumstances began to combine, introducing America to the age of the alligator shoe. This, then, was the beginning of the era that launched the big-money tour that buys 20 alpacas for Don Massen-gale today, that keeps Conni Venturi in Balenciagas, that overnight makes a renowned author out of any player who can chip from sand.

One result of it all is that going on the pro golf tour now is as easy as getting through the University of Houston. You birdie four holes in a row at Bleeding Birch Country Club and some automobile dealer with a coat of arms on his blazer gives you \$12,000 and an air-travel card. A day later you are standing around on a putting green with Gardner Dickinson—you are on the tour. To say it was more of an adventure in the Thirties would be like saying Cary Middle-coff's dental patients had to hold their mouths open a long time. Right away there was one primary challenge, to try to put chuckburgers down your neck from Flagstaff to West Palm. If you shot

over 74 in the first round you could forget it—15th was the last pay spot and, of the 30 to 40 regulars who were out there beating you, Ben Hogan was about the least known. But whether you won or lost, leaving town was always the same. You loaded into somebody's Graham-Paige or Essex and drove until you threw a connecting rod. Air travel? That was for Noah Beery Jr. up there in the sleet without any deicers while Jean Rogers wept softly in the radio tower.

The tour began in Los Angeles, just as it does now, but there the similarity ends. Everyone piked into the Hollywood Plaza for \$1 a day, went directly downstairs to Clara Bow's B Cafe and began contemplating the happy fact that L.A. offered one of the biggest purses on the tour. And, next to the U.S. Open, it pulled the most spectators—so many one year, in fact, that in the congested excitement of a certain round Dick Metz had to park two miles away from the course and buy a ticket to get in. This would not have been so embarrassing for the sponsors if Metz hadn't been leading the tournament at the time.

From L.A. you went to Agua Caliente or Sacramento, maybe, or you scooped wedges around the Rose Bowl in the Pasadena Open. Wherever you were, you stuffed the bag with oranges from the citrus trees in the rough. It kept the food budget down. At the San Francisco Match Play you spewed challenges at anyone in the locker room you figured you could beat, and tried to get the pairings arranged accordingly. One tournament, the 36-hole Crosby at Rancho Santa Fe, was a little special, because a lot of Hollywood stars like Richard Arlen, Clark Gable and Randolph Scott were sure to be there, and, say, those lugs were just swell, to use one of Margaret Lindsay's more dramatic lines.

After the giddy times out on the Coast, fan belts permitting, the tour wended lazily through the Southwest, the South, the East and the Midwest until, quite sensibly, it ended as football season began. It embraced a variety of tournaments, many of which sounded as if they ought to be on the billiard circuit, namely, the Miami-Biltmore Four-Ball, the Goodall Round Robin, the Westchester

108-Hole Open, the Dapper Dan and the Vancouver Jubilee. It swung through San Antonio, oldest of the winter events (1922), for the Texas Open at Brackenridge Park, which was the place where sun-goggled Jug McSpaden once stunned himself by shooting a practice-round 59 at Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson and Paul Runyan. It was also there that Wild Bill Mehlhorn climbed a live oak beside the 18th green on the last day and loudly heckled Bobby Cruickshank, wishing for a three-putt so Wild Bill himself could win. Cruickshank survived, and Mehlhorn had to go on making most of his expenses at the bridge tables.

The tour moved on to New Orleans, where Lloyd Mangrum arrived one year so busted on Mardi Gras eve that he joyfully slept in the city jail. He remembers how the only bad part was going without cigarettes for two days. It hit Pinehurst for the North and South Open. There, busted or not, you had to wear a tur and your wife had to wear a formal gown if you wanted to eat dinner. There was Palm Beach, where Paul Runyan's partner in the Seminole pro-am one winter drove 310 yards on the first hole, hit his approach within 18 inches of the cup but then—just as Runyan began to think the tournament was in the bag—putted 18 feet past the hole! The partner's name was Gene Tunney.

In Florida the pros got their first inkling that they might be some kind of semicelebrities. It was all because of the Miami-Biltmore Four-Ball, a partnership tournament sponsored by a hotel that figured sports-page stories with the word Biltmore in them might give rewarding ideas to tourists. The Miami-Biltmore also may have invented appearance money, for it always paid the Open and PGA champions \$1,000 each to show up, as if they had anywhere else to go. The whole field got a bottle of White Horse Scotch and a tin of Lucky Strikes for each birdie. And every day both players and wives were hoisted by autogyros over to Miami Beach for a swim. If at any time the sponsors grew lax at providing entertainment, the players took over. Such as the evening that Walter Hagen came back from a fishing trip and dumped his entire catch, in-

cluding an alligator, into the clubhouse.

When the tour moved through Greensboro there were no fish, but there was a weird species called "Sammy's Lambies," a name the pros gave the girls who traipsed after Snood. Arnie's Army was not golf's first militant unit. Georgia was quail-and-wild-turkey country, and part of the deal at the Thomasville Open was playing your round quickly so you could get out and hunt, slowly, no limit, to stock up as much free food as possible.

Trying to cook quail and wild turkey gave the wives something to do besides compare clubhouse verandas. There were no more wives out on the tour then than now; it just seemed that way, because

they were divided into Ramblers, Setters and Shadows. The Ramblers walked about the course, chose vantage points and viewed the tournament distantly. The Setters were generally older, stayed on the porches with their knitting, or played cards, or pondered the possibility of getting a permanent wave soon. The Shadows never left their husbands, just put on handkerchiefs and sunglasses and did the full 18 holes while displaying the fashions of the day.

Suddenly, one fine spring there came what was to develop into about the most pleasant week of the year for everybody invited. It was a brand-new experience, the Masters, and while it did not have any turkeys it had a course that looked

as opulent as a La Salle with chrome horns, it had outdoor barbecues, ham cooked in wine, biscuits bigger than head covers, corn whiskey in pitchers, Bobby Jones for a host and so many southern colonels sitting under crawling wisteria that you were tempted to look up who won the Civil War.

That was the way of the pro tour. There were no more than 20 to 25 tournaments a year. But if a man could reach most of them, if he knew how to fit the club heads that were made in Scotland onto the shafts that were made in Tennessee and if he could survive the nightly games of patch, bridge and seven-card low, he could pocket maybe \$6,000 and rank a whopping fifth on the money list.

continued



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FUN TIME

Of course, if he *practiced*—that odd thing Ben Hogan originated, hitting odd balls to Stepin Fetchit out in a field—there was no telling how affluent he could become. He might even stagger into one of those deals like Johnny Farrell got, holding a peck of cigarettes on a magazine page for a so-help-me \$1,000.

"What they call that?" Sam Snead asked Fred Corcoran, his agent and the tour's first manager. "Get me some of them un-dorse-munts."

Winning a tournament back in the Thirties was rarely worth more than \$1,000, but \$1,000 would buy a lot of pork and beans then. Provided you actually collected, of course. One year, 1935, Al Espinosa didn't. He won at Indianapolis but he held the check a few moments too long, at least long enough for the sponsor to vanish with the purse. It was three years before poor Espinosa got his money, and then it came from the PGA, not the long-gone sponsor.

There was, however, something more difficult than trying to cash a man's check. You had to learn how to win. Byron Nelson's baptism to the hazards of potential victory makes one of golf's best horror stories. Thin, young, broke, married and nervous, Nelson was playing in the General Brock Open at Niagara Falls, unknown and unsure, when it happened. Somehow he stumbled into the lead through the third round, and this was splendid except, great Gawd amighty, he was paired with Walter Hagen for the final 18.

Now, you get to the first tee early in a situation like that. You get there and then you fidget, pace, worry, blush and keep glancing down to see if your pants are buttoned. Naturally, in this case, there was no sign of Hagen. "Looks like Mr. Hagen is going to be late again," the starter said from deep in the cavern of his double-breasted coat, styled to the times, with lapels that were as wide as Horseshoe Falls.

"Late?" said Nelson, trying to keep down his Ovaltine. Sure. Late was part of it then, what a real pro did to a rookie—without penalty of disqualification—in fact, what Hagen usually did to everybody. Didn't he once send to the clubhouse for a folding chair so that

Gene Sarazen, the man who introduced the sand iron and steel shafts, could sit down while he, that cunning Hagen, studied a simple chip shot? Didn't he like to psych guys by strolling over and pecking into their bags, shaking his head and walking away? Or look at their puts and gesture that they were impossible? Sure Hagen did. Other players, like Horton Smith, just squinted peculiarly at the rookies until the sad young men worked themselves into incurable hooks. Saul others, like Dutch Harrison, sweet-talked a rookie out of his game. "Man, can you massage that ball," Dutch would say. "I ain't seen a swing that good since Macdonald Smith." But price of the slow plays—that was Hagen.

And so it surely went, the starter saying, "You go ahead and tee off, Byron, if you wish. We'll pair Mr. Hagen with someone else when he arrives."

"But Hagen's my idol, I've wanted to play golf with him all my life."

"Sorry."

"But I'm leading the tournament."

"We heard about it."

Nelson practice-swung and paced, his pleated trousers ballooning in the Niagara breeze like the *Graf Zeppelin*, his fat-bottomed tie whipping past the curled-up collar tips of his well-starched \$1.19 shirt and on around his neck. In manner of apparel you could scarcely tell a young pro golfer from the sneak who came around every week to threaten you for the 15¢ you owed on the life insurance.

Fidget, pace, putt, heave went Nelson until, thanks a lot, two hours later along came Hagen in his white-on-white silk shirt, with his gold cuff links and more oil on his hair than they were pumping out of the East Texas fields.

"Hi, boy," he said.

"It's—it's sure a real big honor," said Nelson in a trance, and he went out and shot a 42 on the front nine.

But Nelson's disaster was not total. His fast, upright swing got grooved once again and brought him back in 35 for a 77, second place and a cash prize of \$600.

Still, the ordeal wasn't over. "Louise," Byron recalls saying to his young wife, "we've got to hide this money before we

hit the road. What if we get robbed? Since we're rich, we're bound to. And if we hide it maybe they won't get it all." So fifty went in the glove compartment, a hundred under the seat, a hundred in a Kleenex box, a hundred in the purse with the embroidery—the best pal a golf wife ever had. And you can probably guess that later on at the tourist court the Nelsons almost never found it all.

If Jimmy Demaret had won the \$600 he would have been 8 to 5 to leave it in a bar or blow it on a pair of handmade lime-and-purple saddle oxfords. But the man who almost singlehandedly led golfers out of the necktie era and into knit shirts and beltless slacks found that the least of his problems was worrying about money. On the contrary, Jimmy's problem was that he destroyed it with the ease of the rich guys with whom he loafed around.

When Demaret struck out from Houston for L.A. as a rookie in 1935 he had a set of clubs, a car and a stake of \$600 given to him by Sam Macco, a Galveston nightclub operator, D. B. McDaniel, an oilman, and, *yowza*, Ben Bernie, the bandleader. He also had the fervent hope that he could drive past Juárez without stopping. Of course, he never made it. And all it took to nearly ruin him the first night in Juárez was for a man to ask, "Hey, señor, you want to shoot a little pool?"

Demaret said he didn't know, he hadn't been around the game much, didn't understand a whole lot about it, but, well, seeing as how he was there and all, what would the fellow say to some eight-ball perhaps? Demaret blew the car the first night. The second night he lost the \$600 and his golf clubs, and the only reason he didn't lose the River Oaks Country Club was that nobody would take an IOU for it. If he did anything right it was saving the pawn slip for the clubs so his brother, Milton, could retrieve them and ship them to Los Angeles, where, hopefully, Demaret was to arrive at about the same time—by freight train.

Demaret did finally get there, and he did survive his first week on the tour,

eating sandwiches and drinking muscatel. By his third undaunted week, as destiny so often provides for free spirits who can also fade a high two-iron, he had won a few hundred and was throwing a party that has never ended.

From almost the instant he appeared on the tour, Demaret's fast-quipping nature and passion for dressing like an Olsen & Johnson skit made him the best unofficial publicity man golf has known. If ever the sports pages nurtured a grander cliché than "Navy won the toss and elected to receive," it was "colorful Jimmy Demaret, golf's goodwill ambassador."

Colorful was rather a tame word for it. Demaret wore lavender, gold, pink, orange, red and aqua slacks, yellow, emerald, maroon, plaid, checked, striped and polka-dot coats, and more than 500 different hats—berets, Tyroleans, straws—that he mostly had imported from Switzerland. He paid \$250 for the coats and \$125 for the trousers in a decade when that kind of money could avert a bonus march. He ordered ladies' pastel fabrics from abroad and had them tailored in the U.S. His idea about shoes was to give a factory swatches from his slacks and have matching saddle oxfords made that looked as if something had been spilled on them.

Demaret's reputation as a wisecrack artist dates much further back than his classic remark to Roberto de Vicenzo at a relatively recent Masters. "Play good, Roberto," said Jimmy. "I'm betting on you to be low Mexican." It goes back to a time 30 years ago when a radio announcer asked Demaret which player on the tour had the most even disposition.

"Clayton Heafner," said Jimmy quickly, referring to the big, grumpy Carolinian whose professed lifelong ambition was to have a one-foot putt to win the U.S. Open so he could bitterly backhand it into a USGA official's bus-tuned-down throat.

"Heafner!" the announcer gasped. "Are you kidding?"

"No," said Demaret. "He's mad all the time."

When the tour didn't have Demaret for comic relief, it had Ky Laffoon. He was a portly, balding part Indian who got his start in golf by caddyfing for

continued

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FUN TIME

Titaine Thompson, the accomplished hustler. You've heard the story about Thompson telling some dazed opponent, "Why, I'll bet my caddy can beat you," and the guy calling it? Well, Ky was the caddy, and he could beat you.

Except on the tour, Laffoon won less than he should have, probably because of his temper. It wasn't a temper like Lefty Stackhouse had, the kind where he beat his head against a tree trunk, belted himself on the chin or pitched his clubs and caddy in a creek. It was a lovable temper. Well, almost.

Laffoon would wander off the fairway and discreetly flog all the leaves off a bush because his approach shot had not carried a pond. He would curse so audibly that his wife would stalk to the clubhouse and call a lawyer. He would miss a putt and spent tobacco juice into the cup, enough so that the man putting next got his ball out rather gingerly.

Once Laffoon had three putts from five feet for a win at the Cleveland Open. He missed the first, missed the second and became so outraged he slammed the putter down on top of the ball, not caring anymore whether he was first or eighth, but luckily the ball hopped three feet in the air and— it's true— plopped right into the hole. He won despite himself. Seeing it in the newsreel later, his screams frightened three rows.

Another time Laffoon missed an important putt and banged his putter into the ground, breaking off the club head. Then, without realizing it, he took aim over the next putt with the jagged shaft.

"What the hell happened?" he said, quivering nervously, as he did in such situations.

To appease his wife during one of his rare periods of resolution, he tried to play through a whole tournament without cursing. Surprisingly enough, he scored fairly well in the first round, and he was in fine spirits that evening as he sat around the hotel lobby, telling stories to the younger pros. He told a lot about Indians, and he always made Sam Snead double over when he would say, "If the white man had found the Indian good to eat— no Indian."

But in the second round things got grim. Ky played himself into the lead,

which meant every shot was desperate, and here he had promised his wife not to curse, which is practically impossible when you're leading. The situation grew more tense as his shots began to land off target. But he held back on the tobacco juice and the language. Finally, along about the 15th hole, he flew an approach shot over the green and into a bed of honeysuckle.

A jungle guerrilla with a machete could not have attacked the ball more furiously than Laffoon with his nine-iron. One swing. Two. Three. And out came a torrent of get-even words that had spectators blushing as far away as the parking lot, which was exactly where Ky's wife was heading. Laffoon somehow interrupted his verbal circus and went chasing after her and, catching up, began a pining, futile plea.

"I-I wa-wasn't m-mad, re-really," he said. "N-no kidding, d-darlin', I-I j-just d-don't l-like honeysuckle."

The group to which Ky Laffoon felt the most philosophical kinship was a self-confessed pack of wolves acutely aware that prize money on the tour was not the only means of supporting oneself with golf clubs.

For example, Dutch Harrison eventually became a consistent money winner, but he survived his first six long years on the tour without earning a single official penny. But even Harrison was never as desperate as Joe Ezar, a trick-shot genius from Waco who stowed away on freighters to hustle in Europe and who frequently got to a tournament with only a derby, an overcoat and a pair of street shoes. "Loan me the equipment, chums, and I'll pay you back double," he would say, and he did. Nor was Dutch as flamboyantly unpredictable as Leonard Dodson, whose crowning achievement came the day in Canada he had only \$1.25 in his pocket but bet a man \$500 he could outrun the man's car at 100 yards. He did, of course. He took the unsuspecting fellow out to a soft-dirt farm road and he won breezing. Instead, Dutch Harrison was a relentless hawk of the club member who liked to gamble on his own ability. The practice rounds were Dutch's tournaments.

The year Dutch decided he had better



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concentrate more seriously on the tournaments proper was 1937. He was out in Los Angeles doing his regular act with a fellow pro, Bob Hamilton. They had two steady customers who were good for \$9 a day—Dutch was never greedy. If his opponent shot 71 Dutch mysteriously managed to shoot 70. If the man shot 77, Dutch barely scratched out a 76 and moaned about his friend's bad luck, which was just bound to change.

One afternoon as the foursome negotiated on the first tee, a stranger asked if he could join up. He had a raw swing and a country voice, like Dutch, which meant he couldn't be all bad.

Hamilton, ever eager with loot in sight, said, "How much you wanna bet?" or something like that.

"Well, Ah don't know much about betting," the young man said.

"You can come along with us, young feller," said Hamilton.

No more than five holes had been played before both Harrison and Hamilton began neglecting the game with the 59 pigeons. For every shot Dutch hit within eight feet of a flag, the stranger hit one within four feet.

"My, my, son, you sure got yourself a pretty swing there," Dutch said. "And that old hook grip don't bother you none at all, does it?"

Birdie, birdie went the innocent young man.

Presently, Harrison lashed an exceptional spoon that chewed up the flag and nestled in about 15 feet away.

"Let him eat some of that," Dutch thought.

To which Mr. Innocent hit a four-iron an arm's length from the cup.

"Bob," said Dutch to Hamilton, "we done got ourselves hold of somethin' here."

Later, on the 18th green, where Dutch and Hamilton paid off, the young man said, "Sure do thank you folks. Say, what time tomorrow you gonna be out here?"

"Son," Harrison said, "you work your side of the road and we'll work ours."

"And that," says Harrison today, "is the first time I ever met Sam Snead."

The old tour was no sooner meeting Snead than along came a quite different

newcomer, Ben Hogan. He was a loner and a brooder with an uncontrollable hook who had about everyone convinced that he would never make it. Devoting every waking hour to his game, Hogan warmed up to only a few of his contemporaries—mainly to Demaret, his four-ball partner, to Henry Picard, a gracious and helpful veteran who loaned both money and advice (Picard and Craig Wood were Snead's first sponsors), and to Dutch Harrison.

Harrison discovered one evening when he was rooming with Ben just how determined the Texan was. Dutch couldn't go to sleep because Hogan kept beating his fists against the bedposts in their hotel room.

"Have you gone crazy?" Dutch asked.

"I'm strengthening my wrists," said Hogan.

The beating continued until a policeman arrived, having been summoned by an annoyed guest next door.

"I won't give you any more trouble," Hogan said, contentedly. "I just figured out what was wrong with my grip."

He almost had. Hogan got through the Thirties by settling for such glamorous successes as placing third in the North American Long Distance Diving Championship—behind Jimmy Thomson and Porky Diver—at Niagara Falls. He was on the tour for four disappointing years before the breakthrough came. In 1940 at Pinehurst he finally won a tournament, then another at Greensboro and another at Asheville—three in a row—and for the next 14 years no one was any better.

Throughout the Thirties only one player ever went on the tour in absolute comfort, unfettered by financial worries. That was Lawson Little, golf's first bonus baby. He was a husky, handsome Californian with a square face and curly hair and white duck trousers. He had become the finest amateur since Bobby Jones, winning both the U.S. and British Amateur championships in 1934 and 1935—a feat that was called, clumsily, the Double Little Slam.

Little's decision to become a touring pro was the final proof that amateur

continued

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FUN TIME

golf was minor league. And when he signed up with Spalding for a whispered \$10,000 and all expenses to both play the circuit and be a public-relations man, it was the damndest thing the pros had heard of since the mallet-head putter. Not until 25 years later when Jack Nicklaus made a deal 10 times as big did amateur golf produce so glamorous a figure.

Once Little was in the Spalding stable a group was formed known as the "Trained Seals." They were Little, Horton Smith, Jimmy Thomson and Harry Cooper, and they became a famous Spalding exhibition crew. They traveled together, mostly by luxurious train while everyone else drove, and staged their own pretournament matches and clinics. "Can you fellows really balance golf balls on your noses?" Demaret would ask.

Horton Smith was the boss and the bookkeeper, and at the clinics he demonstrated the short game, chipping and putting. Jimmy Thomson hit the wood shots. Cooper, a nervous man who had a habit of jingling coins in his pocket, especially while you studied a putt, displayed the mid-irons. Lawson Little hit the long irons, his specialty.

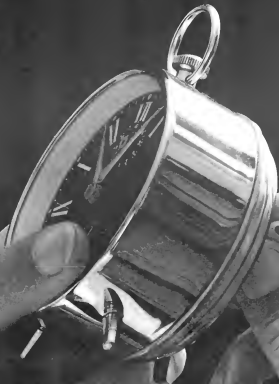
Gallery ropes were practically nonexistent in those days. The spectators formed an umbrella of shade over their favorite players, a man hardly had room to take a backswing. Self-appointed officials would stand in the middle of the fairways, puff on their pipes and say, "You're away, Byron." During one match Harry Cooper kept finding a man's shadow over his ball when he addressed it. "Very unethical," Cooper would say, and then hit a fine shot. It happened all the way around the course until the 15th hole, when the shadow disappeared—and Cooper hit the shot, roughly, 10 feet.

"You bunk," said Harry. "Why did you step on those leaves just as I was swinging?"

There were occasions when the spectators were permitted to be so indecently close to the players that a championship could be settled by them. Or almost. No one learned this any more forcefully than Little. Though he never

continued

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FUN TIME *continued*

became the big winner that everyone predicted, possibly because he was so well fixed, he did achieve a week of glory at Canterbury during the 1940 U.S. Open. He tied Gene Sarazen for the title, and they had an 18-hole playoff the next day. It was a duel of different personalities. Little was always conscious of his public-relations role, but even his fellow pros found the independent Sarazen hard to fancy. "He had to be different," one of the old pros says now. "When everybody played in knickers, he switched to slacks. In fact, he started the trend to slacks. Now that everybody wears slacks, he is back wearing knickers."

Little seized an early lead in the playoff and seemed at last to be worthy of his role as the bonus champion of the times. But even in the pressure-filled moments of an Open playoff he didn't want to offend anybody. When a fan came up to him at the 5th hole and said, "Mr. Little, I want to ask you a question," he smiled and said, "Of course, what is it?"

"What I want to know," the man said, "is whether you inhale or exhale on your backswing?"

Oh, dandy. Just what you want to hear during a playoff for the most important championship in the world. Nothing distracting about that at all.

Little duck-hooked his next two tee shots, pondering whether he inhaled or exhaled. He never fully decided which it was, but he managed to shoot a 70 and beat Sarazen by three strokes. And once more the Spalding Dot was guaranteed to give you extra distance.

But this was 1940, wasn't it? Sure it was. The Thirties were gone—sunk slowly in the distance with the mashie niblick. A wonderfully unpredictable and quite remarkable decade of golf had ended, but didn't it leave a legacy? Didn't it leave the faint memory that somewhere around every dogleg there lurked the one thing that a Hogan and a Demaret and a Seccord and a Nelson added up to? Individuals is what they were, true and distinctive. It was what they had to be, really. They would never have guessed that someday out there on that tour it would be a lot more important for them to have a tax consultant. **END**

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Dr. G. R. Machlan,
noted authority on
reinforced plastics, explains
why it does what it does

(Gary Player has just completed one of the most amazing years in the history of golf. Playing his Shakespeare Fiberglass Wonder-Shafts, he added the 1965 U.S. Open title to his earlier P.G.A., Masters and British Open

crowns—becoming the third golfer of all time to complete golfing's career "Grand Slam." In addition, he won the World Series, Canada Cup, South African Open, World Match Play and Australian Open.)

Player: I like WonderShafts very much indeed. There is no question that they have helped to improve my game—both off the tee and around the green. I think they can help anyone to play a better game of golf.

Machlan: They certainly should . . . in the same way that steel shafts improved the game when they replaced hickory. Then, steel was the modern material with the advanced physical properties. Now, Fiberglass* is.

Player: They have a completely different feel. I think you can stay with the ball longer with Fiberglass, which is very important. The longer you stay with the ball, the better you hit it and the better you control it. I mean you tend to add distance, and you have better control over more kinds of shots—low hook, high hook—that sort of thing. And I think this is due primarily to this different feel that Fiberglass has.

Machlan: The "feel" that Gary mentions is the result of an inherent physical characteristic of Fiberglass—its ability to dissipate shock. That is, Fiberglass absorbs energy, while steel does not. When the clubhead hits the ball, a discernible "S"-

shaped shock wave travels instantly up a steel shaft, jolting the hands backwards.



Schroscopic proof. Left: steel shaft; right: Fiberglass shaft. Both shafts have been painted, so that dislodged paint chips will show effect of shock as it runs up to hands. Note: (1) S-shaped distortion of steel shaft after impact, as compared with relatively undistorted Fiberglass shaft; (2) light of paint chips at head level on steel shaft, as compared with none at same level on Fiberglass shaft

With Fiberglass, this shock wave is absorbed *before* it reaches the grip; and the hands don't move at all. The result is not only better "feel," but better follow-through as well. And, of course, better follow-through produces better golf shots.

Player: One thing I've noticed is that, on non shots, I'm able to hit the ball higher and get more backspin, so that my approach shots hit and stay put.

Machlan: Again, there is a physical explanation. Partly, of course, it's the fact that the absence of recoil shock makes for better follow-through. But there is another factor, too.

In the downswing, the inertia of the clubhead causes a twisting in the shaft. This twisting sets up energy which a steel shaft can not absorb. The result is oscillation—twisting, untwisting, twisting, untwisting—which causes the clubhead to flutter throughout the swing . . . sometimes by as much as 20°. The important point is that the head is still fluttering when it meets the ball.

With the Fiberglass shaft, this does not occur. Energy is damped almost instantaneously; and the clubhead is properly aligned at the point of impact. The result would show up in better control, a more

consistent trajectory and, again, in smoother follow-through.



Graph shows head flexion in degrees from true plane. Top: steel shaft; bottom: Fiberglass shaft. Note that flexion with Fiberglass is never as great—has completely disappeared at point of contact.

Player: The extra height I mentioned is very important. In fact, this is a fault with most weekend golfers—they don't hit their iron shots high enough. Again, it's "feel." And I've noticed the same thing about putting with a Fiberglass shaft.

Machlan: It's true that the shaft would have an effect on putting; and it goes back to shock absorption. Remember that no matter how gently you stroke a ball, there is always a certain amount of recoil energy to be dissipated. Fiberglass absorbs it, and without hand shock, you get the sensitive feel and smooth follow-through you need for effective putting.

Player: Then, there's something rather difficult to describe. You notice it particularly on distance shots—a sort of feeling of extra power. It does show up in distance, too.



Machlan: This results both from the nature of Fiberglass and from the construction of the Shakespeare Fiberglass WonderShaft. Better than half-a-million glass fibers are bonded in parallel into a double-built tubular shaft—with the fibers running lengthwise on the shaft around a central spiral Fiberglass wall.

As I pointed out earlier, this shaft absorbs reaction energy almost immediately. Consequently, the action energy created in the swing is not wasted in an attempt to compensate for it; and more action energy is delivered to the ball on impact.

Player: You know, I keep hearing a criticism of Fiberglass that doesn't jibe with my personal experience at all. People who haven't tried the WonderShaft tend to criticize it for being too supple, or "whippy." I don't find this true.

Machlan: It isn't true. The Fiberglass WonderShaft can be—and is—made in exactly the same flexes as steel. There isn't an iota of difference.

Player: Finally, I can't help being impressed by the strength of the WonderShaft. And its durability.

Machlan: It's a fact that Fiberglass is more durable than steel. It can't assume a fixed bend, can't kink or rust—and it is completely unaffected by temperature extremes. It also has a far greater flexural strength—that is, its resistance to breakage when it strikes a solid object is far greater than that of steel. There is every reason to believe that WonderShafts should outlast steel shafts.

One final note—Fiberglass is safer, too. Its shock-absorbing effect makes it safer for golfers with back problems; and the fact that it will not conduct electricity makes it safer for all rainy-day players.

Player: One last word from me, too. Choose the right flex. Shakespeare Fiberglass WonderShafts come in regular and stiff flexes. Try them; and pick the one that's right for your game.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BADMINTON MRS. JUDY SHAMBAIN, a native of Baltimore, who now lives in England, won her ninth straight women's world title, in 22 years, when she defeated Irene Renwick of The Netherlands, 11-0, 11-7, in the all-England championships in Wembley, England.

BASKETBALL NBA. The long regular season finally is ended in New York. The 1981 season is scheduled to begin Sunday with a 126-125 win over St. Louis, 136-140. In the Eastern Division semifinal playoffs, CINCINNATI took a 2-1 lead over Boston with two victories (107-103 and 115-107) in the Celtics' home court and a loss (132-123) on its own grounds. ST. LOUIS also defeated Philadelphia by winning two games (113-111 and 105-107) from Baltimore away from home for a 2-0 lead in the Midwest Division series.

BILLIARDS LUTHER LAMSTER of Thousand Oaks, N.C. won the world pocket billiards championship in New York City when he beat Cuervo Morfin, in a playoff after they tied (and in 11-3).

BOATING A Tempest, skippered by Britain's JOHN CHAKLEY, won the Division IV (quarterfinal) trophy at the One-of-a-kind In-voice series in Tampa Bay off St. Petersburg, Fla. (June 16).

BOWLING BOBBY JACKS, a 60-year-old from San Diego, who has been on the PBA tour for half a year, won his first title when he took down Joe Davis of Lansing, Mich. in the \$40,000 Biala Open.

CURLING America's hold on the British Cup, which ended a century of Scottish world championship, lasted only a year as Canada took the title for the seventh time in eight years (June 20).

GOLF BOLE SANDERS needed a birdie on the final hole to win the 352-020 Circuit Jacksonville (Fla.) Open, and he got it in a clutch with a mound 15-under-par 279 one stroke ahead of second-place Sam Brewer Jr.

MARTIN S. SMITH of Tropic, Fla., winner of the St. Petersburg Open a week earlier, took the Eugene Suggs tournament at Delray Beach, Fla., with a five-under-par 211.

HOCKEY NHL. With only three games left in the season for both teams, MONTREAL (36-21-11) retained its lead in four points over CHICAGO (36-23-11) in winning two of three, as the Black Hawks tied one and lost one. TORONTO (16-23-49) took three points back at Chicago, won three in a row and clinched six points ahead of fourth-place DETROIT (10-25-11), which was 1-1-1 for the week. NEW YORK (18-36-11) lost a long season to live with two more losses and barely held a two-point

lead over BOSTON (19-42-41), lower at 10 points in three games.

HORSE RACING—Richard D. Bolson of OLENIA (251-60) won Walter Broomer, New Orleans, Preakness year by three lengths to take the \$28,900 Bay Shore Stakes for 3-year-olds at Aqueduct.

On the Gulfstream track, studded by a heavy discount, Maudie SCANNIE, FIRST FAMILY (254-80) ridden by apprentice Earle E. Lee, scored a 1 1/4-length victory over Valley Farm's favored Selan in the \$104,300 Gulfstream Handicap.

Nike Ford, KAKAI KING (250-90) a Native American off-rider in Don Brunsfield, took Gulfstream's Foreman at French Stakes for 3-year-olds by 1 1/4 lengths over Reginald Wilson's Aristocrat.

ANGLO, a 50-and-1 shot, won the Grand National at Newcastle in Aintree, England and carried 16 1/2 lb. for jockey Stuart Levy. He beat a 6-1 favorite, Sun Locomot, when he beat favored Redoubt by 20 lengths.

Ridden by Australian Scribe Brandy, RIGOT ACT (10-10) won the 1981-82 American Handicap at Epsom, England. He had a long start but Kurent, a 100-to-1 shot, and finished the \$25,350 best price.

HOTCH SPOTS—Ford car, led by KEN MILES (17-10) and LLOYD REAR of Wichita Falls, Texas, who won in a record margin of 58.617 mph, gained its top three places in the 12-hour Sebring endurance race (June 20).

JIM HURTHURSE of North Tarrytown, N.Y., driving a 1986 Plymouth, took the lead from Fred Lorenzen of Elmira, N.Y. on the 27th lap and held it to win the Atlantic 500 oval-circuit race.

ROWING—OXFORD, with John Rogers of Yale at the helm, won the 15th Oxford-Andergarde race on the Thames in cold and windy weather by 3 1/2 lengths in 18 minutes, 36 seconds. The victory was Oxford's 56th since the race began in 1829.

SWIMMING—BRANCE won the team competition for the Baynet Cup at San Valley by eight points over Austin (June 20).

SWIMMING USC, from Indiana, 302-268 to win at South Atlantic NCAAA championships at the Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs, Colo. Chicago on RUDY SAARE, Southern Cal's freshman star took her three events, the 1,500 and the 500-yard and the 200-yard, for the third year in a row and won them, the second swimmer in NCAA history to win more championships in his career. Russia's 1984 Olympic Champion GALINA PROZUMENSHKOVA, an 18-year-old schoolgirl,

skipped 7-10 of a second off her own world 200-meter breaststroke record with a 2:44.6 in a race in Moscow.

TENNIS—American KEN ROSENWALD, seeded second, won his consecutive Rod Laver & V.I. for the \$50,000 singles final to take the \$50,000 first prize at New York's Madison Square Garden Invitational professional tournament (June 14).

TRACK & FIELD Two world indoor head-on events, were broken at the European championships in Dortmund, Germany, when Russia's LARIANA SHCHERBAKOVA added 7 1/2 inches to her record with a 27-foot 10 1/2-inch jump and her compatriot IGOR TIKHOVANSKYAN jumped 27 feet to break his earlier mark of 26 feet 10 1/2 inches.

WRESTLING—OAKLAND STATE, pulled its seniors, YOUNG LOU LAKI, 109-pound class (GOLF PAVAN) (11-11) and GREEN RUI LU (146-pound) and BILL TAYLOR (191-pound) took its 25th NCAA title in Ames, Iowa, with 79 points. Defending champion Iowa State finished second, nine points behind.

WRESTLING—HARDY JACK MCCORMICK, 48, whose 14 years of Penn State basketball stints had a 146-167 record in 90 years and won this year's Big League title as head coach at Wake Forest.

NAMED BOB BOYD, 53, former Seattle University basketball coach, as head coach in its alma mater, the University of Southern California.

HURD ALF HANNUM, 42, as coach of the NRA in San Francisco, Warren, Hammer, who guided the 1953-54 Warriors in the Western Division title but then turned the playoffs the year two seasons, will be replaced by RELL SHARRMAN, 39, who coached for the Celtics for 10 years.

REIGNED, as head basketball coach at Boston University, JOHN BURKE, 42, after a 66-14 record in seven years, in becoming golf pro at the Needham Mass. Country Club.

SIDELINED For six months, another of this year's promising basketballers, BOLDENIAN William Huggins Perry, a Santa Anita Derby winner, after having a bone chip removed from his left knee.

SOLD To a 14-year syndicate headed by Alvin J. Lewis, 28, of New York City, a three-quarter interest in NORTON VICTORY, the 4-year-old colt who won the 2-year-old champion in 1984 for \$166,000, in Kenneth D. Olsen, a Houston investor who bought a \$213,000 interest. The sale makes Nettle Vixen the first million-dollar foal.

CREDITS

4-10, 1-10, 2-10, 3-10, 4-10, 5-10, 6-10, 7-10, 8-10, 9-10, 10-10, 11-10, 12-10, 13-10, 14-10, 15-10, 16-10, 17-10, 18-10, 19-10, 20-10, 21-10, 22-10, 23-10, 24-10, 25-10, 26-10, 27-10, 28-10, 29-10, 30-10, 31-10, 32-10, 33-10, 34-10, 35-10, 36-10, 37-10, 38-10, 39-10, 40-10, 41-10, 42-10, 43-10, 44-10, 45-10, 46-10, 47-10, 48-10, 49-10, 50-10, 51-10, 52-10, 53-10, 54-10, 55-10, 56-10, 57-10, 58-10, 59-10, 60-10, 61-10, 62-10, 63-10, 64-10, 65-10, 66-10, 67-10, 68-10, 69-10, 70-10, 71-10, 72-10, 73-10, 74-10, 75-10, 76-10, 77-10, 78-10, 79-10, 80-10, 81-10, 82-10, 83-10, 84-10, 85-10, 86-10, 87-10, 88-10, 89-10, 90-10, 91-10, 92-10, 93-10, 94-10, 95-10, 96-10, 97-10, 98-10, 99-10, 100-10.

FACES IN THE CROWD

MIKE CARR, 3, of Greenwich, Conn., who has been swimming for two years, set a state record in the 50-yard freestyle, which is fairly swum by his age group, with a 35.4 and tied for first place in the 25-yard backstroke (19.1) in an AAU meet in New Haven, Conn.

JIM GREENWELL, 3, a member of Connell's champion polo squad, scored seven goals in the last game to lead his team to a 12-10 victory over Yale, the defending champion, at the U.S. Polo Association intercollegiate indoor championships at Danen, Conn.

BUDDY ELMORE, 3, a 30-year-old electrician from El Paso who has been competing in expert class motorcycle races for only three years, won the AMA's Daytona 200 with a record average of 96.588 mph over the 53-lap course at Daytona International Speedway.

JUDY GRINNELL, 3, a sophomore education major at Rhode Island College, won the New England women's intercollegiate fencing title in Waltham, Mass., when she defeated Sharon Mason of Westbrook Junior College and Randy Henkel of Branford in a fence-off.

BILL BLACKSMITH, 3, Lock Haven (Pa.) State wrestler, defeated five opponents to win his second NAIA 152-pound class title in St. Cloud, Minn., as his team became the first ever to score more than 100 points (103) in taking its third straight championship.



GEORGE HUNTZICKER, 3, senior on the Ann Arbor (Mich.) High gymnastics team, took five first places—floor exercise, vaulting, horizontal bar and trampoline—at the state meet in St. Clair, Mich., but his point, the defending champion, came in third.



THE READERS TAKE OVER

STICKS AND STONES

Sirs:

Accolades to Dan Jenkins on his magnificently perceptive article (*One Point Six, Pick Up Sticks*, March 21). It has long seemed wrong to me that those colleges with good student-athletes (and they represent the vast majority) must continually meet teams with boys that do not read or write very well. The NCAA's One Point Six rule is a brave effort to reduce this kind of thing.

JOHN A. LUCAS

University Park, Pa.

Sirs:

Jenkins says the basic issue is simple: "Should the NCAA try to insure that every varsity athlete is a student?" I agree that it should. But certainly the One Point Six rule is not the way to do it. It only insures that Stu Fingersh will have to switch his major from biochemistry to the fox-trot to keep his athletic scholarship. Rather than eliminating the "tramp athlete, the transfer type, the snap-course clod," the One Point Six rule may encourage the very things that the NCAA hopes to curtail.

If the NCAA is concerned about the academic respectability of some of its championship participants, its "gym-shoe" and/or "life of the mind" committees should try to persuade all members that it is best for intercollegiate athletes if an athlete "has to survive strictly on his academic merit." If a member college certifies that her athletes are students in good standing, what more can or should the NCAA demand? Perhaps the NCAA should be more discriminating.

ROBERT G. PRATT

Lawrenceville, N.J.

Sirs:

Surely the fact that a student athlete may take courses in basket weaving or the fox-trot is just as great an abuse of the system as the fact that he is permitted to play football while maintaining an average of less than 1.6. If this is so, is not the next logical step for the NCAA to dictate what courses a student athlete may take as well as what average he must maintain? And after that, what next? While the NCAA certainly has a point, I don't believe the Ives are as "dead wrong" as Mr. Jenkins would have us believe.

RONALD GARMY

Nahant, Mass.

Sirs:

In light of the recent Ivy League-NCAA conflict, I think everyone has been remiss in one thing: How can you hope to compare a

1.6 average at a school like Cornell or Harvard to a 1.6 at a school such as Texas Western or Kansas? It just can't be done. The U.S. Government realizes this, and that is why they are not drafting students by their rank in class alone but by a specific test geared to separate the brighter students from the others by means of a direct comparison rather than a grade-point average. Why doesn't Mr. Byers make up a test designed to make all athletes meet a certain academic standard? It wouldn't be any more ridiculous than his One Point Six rule!

STUART SCHIFF

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a 1960 graduate of Dartmouth, when the One Point Six controversy was first raged, I immediately sided with the Ivy League and muttered things like, "They won't ram this down our throat," and, "We don't need them anyway." But, dammit, we do need them.

To think that teams like Princeton's 1965 basketball team or Yale's 1966 swimming team might never get an opportunity to demonstrate that they're the best in the country rather than just the best in a supposedly glorified intramural league, sickens me.

Jenkins' extremely lucid and well-reasoned article has not only led me around to the other side of the picture but completely converted my thinking. Clearly, if the Ivy League insists on maintaining as Albert Schweitzer-type attitude, it will become an unseemly, sheltered intramural league, which is maybe what it wants after all.

RICHARD V. PHILLIPS

Philadelphia

Sirs:

If the NCAA wants to get into the business of measuring aptitudes, what's wrong with using the nationally accepted Scholastic Aptitude Tests (SAT), the downfall of many an athlete trying to enter an Ivy school?

I am mindful of your March 7 story on the Baron: "It seems that Mr. Rupp, who has never been encumbered by modesty, used to teach a basketball course at UK, and he would always give all of his students straight A's. Rupp's reasoning was simply that no one could learn basketball from Adolph Rupp and not get an A."

I'm sure a straight A in basketball goes a long way to support a 1.6 average. However, please advise Mr. Jenkins that Ivy schools do not give graduation credits in basketball.

JOHN HAWKINS

Delmar, N.Y.

continued

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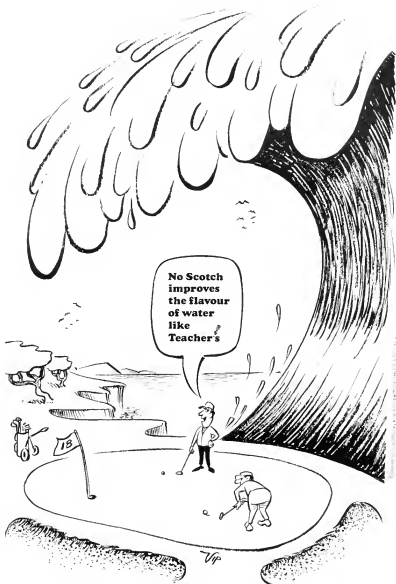
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19TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

The NCAA could easily assure that each varsity athlete is a student by simply outlawing all athletic grants. We are quick to note that Russian athletes are subsidized, yet the Big Ten and the SEC, among others, can hardly be called "amateur." To follow the Ivy League would not downgrade American sports. Indeed, I believe there were more Ivy Leaguers on the last Olympic squad than men from any other conference.

BENJAMIN A. HOOVER II, M.D.

York, Pa.

Sirs:

If so many NCAA affiliates are in favor of this rule and they have already set high standards for their own schools, why do they continue to schedule games with the Sweatshirt U's who so obviously do not meet their requirements? The Sweatshirt U's have no business appearing on the athletic schedules of our institutes of higher learning. They belong among the ranks of professional organizations.

GABRIEL MARKOSIN

Silver Spring, Md.

Sirs:

If you can't trust colleges to prohibit failing athletes from competing in sports or, more importantly, to honestly decide for themselves whether such competition is in the best interests of the student, how can you possibly trust them not to raise grades?

FRANK ELLMAN

Woodbourne, N.Y.

Sirs:

In actual practice, the new system is no different than the old system. The One Point Six rule was created by Big State U. in order to appease its conscience about its nonacademically inclined athletes. The standards of such athletes can be raised only when each individual university chooses to raise its own standards.

ORRIN BAIRD

Middletown, Conn.

KICKBACK

Sirs:

I support Dave Nelson's criticism of the "nothing" punt return in American football (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, March 7). In a majority of cases the action in the kicking situation is a mockery of the term "contact sport." While agreeing with Coach Nelson's diagnosis of the disease, I cannot endorse his suggestions for a cure.

Why not have the rulemakers consider the punt return as it is regulated in Canadian football? Under the Canadian rules, the receiving team is obligated to receive the ball because the kicker is allowed to hurl the ball down the field and recover it if it flops around loose. A punt into the end zone,

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

far from being a kicker's error, is an exciting moment, since the receiving team must run the ball out or give up a point (called a rouge). In both situations an imaginary five-yard restraining circle protects the receiver from the kicker's teammates until the ball is touched.

The single undesirable feature of the Canadian rule is that the receiver is not allowed any blocking protection. It seems a logical solution to combine the Canadian rule, complete with restraining circle, with American blocking and throw out the fair catch and touchback. While this may seem a little complicated to those of us who don't serve on football rules committees, I suggest it would be a piece of cake for a group that has already shown its ability to conceive and execute the complex college substitution rules of the last decade.

JAMES A. P. DAY

Burlingame, B.C.

RUPTURED DUCK (CONT.)

Sirs:

While I do not care to get into a retrogressive contest with Lieutenant Schneider, he has questioned (19TH HOLE, Feb. 14) the feasibility of using a clipped-wing jet fighter to set the land-speed record on the basis of factors thought obvious enough to be omitted for simplicity's sake in my original letter (19TH HOLE, Jan. 17).

It is true, as Lieutenant Schneider points out, that our present jet fighters cannot lower their wheels at even half the present 600-mph record; however, it is the relatively fragile wheel-well doors and wheel fairings that limit the speed. On most fighters the doors are open only while the wheels are being raised or lowered. Since my *Ruptured Duck* would have the main gear permanently locked down, with only the nose wheel being retracted for the "flight" down the speed track, the wheel-well doors could be bolted closed. The wheel fairings should be removed from the struts and riveted in place to close the holes in the underside of the wing, which are normally closed in flight after the gear has been retracted. What is more, since they no longer have to fit into restricted space in the wings or fuselage, there is no limit to the size of wheel or wheels which can be hung on the now fixed main struts.

In the case of the high equivalent air speeds at high altitude which Lieutenant Schneider mentioned, he has introduced super- and hypersonic complications. Nevertheless, I believe the average jet-fighter air frame, modified as I have suggested, could readily withstand the high Q of a safely subsonic 600-mph-plus run through near-sea-level air densities to set a new land-speed record.

COMMANDER R. K. AWTREY, USN
New York City

Wreck Island was my home and world for seven long days. The notion to go there had come to me earlier in the spring when I was musing, as a city man sometimes will, about how crowded life can become. Most of us never spend so much as a day away from humankind—and yet solitude can be an adventure. I thought of Wreck Island.

Six miles off the little Virginia village of Oyster, the island is no more than a thin barrier reef of sand in that fragile chain of outer banks that reaches south from Chincoteague to Cape Charles. It is a wilderness of desolation that was purchased recently for Virginia's Natural Areas System, a public preserve of sand three miles long and nowhere higher than 10 or 12 feet. It is reckoned to have nearly 1,000 acres, 500 of which are tidal marshes on the western side that stay flooded a good part of the time. All of the remaining "high land" shows signs of having been swept clean by storm seas at one time or another. A man would be a fool to put a building there.

A sandy loam of sorts had built up behind the low dunes at the island's northern end, where a prairie of shore grasses gives shelter to mink and otter. I believe it must also be the home for at least 50% of the world's mosquitoes. The southern section, once known as Bone Island when the reef was split by an inlet, is scarcely more than a wide beach whose western slope, sprinkled with tufts of a broad-leaved plant, inclines into the vast marshes of South Bay. In the far distance is a thin, dark line of mainland forest. There are bits and pieces of ragged islands in every direction except toward the rising sun, where there is nothing to see but the immense, uncaring sea.

I wanted the privacy the sea affords as a relief from the public character of my workaday life. I brought to the island neither the skills of an outdoorsman nor the endurance of an explorer. I had only my curiosity. Wreck Island and I were uninhibited in what we might make of each other.

We have all read with wonder of the months of meticulous preparation that discipline those teams whose expeditions write our geography. I cannot claim such a routine, satisfying as the presumption would be. Aside from walking the three miles to my Washington office each morning—which I would have done

The Voluntary Castaway of Wreck Island

by MONROE BUSH

Playing Robinson Crusoe on a small sandspit off the Virginia coast is a miniature of everything gentle in nature—and everything violent

In any case—I undertook no particular exercise or conditioning. I arranged in advance for a warden of Virginia's Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries to host me to the island, but I had not even rented a tent until 4 p.m. on the afternoon preceding departure. My few groceries were bought that same evening. There was no need to make a great production out of the business of living alone on a sandbar for a week.

The Sunday of embarkation brought June weather of high expectations. A southeasterly breeze freshened the sun-crisp salt air. Coming abreast of Wreck's northern beach at Sand Shoal Inlet at 10 a.m., we bounced past the decommissioned Coast Guard station on the heel of Cobb Island, turning south in a lively sea for the run down Wreck's shimmering sand beach.

The last half mile of Wreck is but the barest sandspit projecting incautiously into the turbulent waters of New Inlet, to the north of Ship Shoal Island. Probing the inlet, Game Refuge Supervisor Granville Ross eased his boat around a little cape of oyster shells. The low tide held us to an outlying mooring on the oyster bar, from which Ross and I made three trips across the shells to a place midway up the sandspit where I elected to establish camp. We made the most of each trip, so that carrying the gear was a perspiring sort of job. Near my campsite was the rotting carcass of a young hammerhead shark. We guessed that it had been stranded a week before when a mean nor'easter had swept the spot. We debated going farther to the north, but a check of the storm's high-water mark indicated that we would have had to go at least half a mile beyond this point to find a less vulnerable site in the event of another storm. I reasoned that the odds were with me for a bivouac of only seven days, so I buried the hammerhead and let my gear remain where it lay.

Once more I confirmed the plan for my pickup the following Sunday morning. Then Ross left. His boat pushed quickly into South Bay toward Man and Boy Marsh and the short route to Oyster. The last human being I was to see for seven days became a small white spot in the distance, and disappeared. I was not sorry to see him go. I was for the first time in my 40-odd years left to my own resources. Yet I had the bursting vitality of this island world to entertain me, to test me and, perhaps, in the last accounting to become a sort of part of me.

I put up the tent and arranged my paraphernalia inside it. My food and one of three five-gallon water jugs were packed in the corner to the right of the entrance. I had decided that I would eat only for subsistence. This was a wise decision, considering the way my collapsible stove operated.

At the left of the door I stored my lantern and flashlight, the stove, extra fuel for each of these devices, cans of insect spray and similar hardware. The air mattress lay across the floor, reaching almost from edge to edge of the tent's graceful umbrella-pitched sides. I kept my sleeping bag (which my sons had seasoned on a dozen trips into Shenandoah Park) rolled tight for a daytime backrest.

To the right beyond the mattress were the two extra water jugs and my clothes. The jugs remained untouched; the stack of clothes nearly so. Within a matter of hours I discovered loose-fitting undershorts to be the best all-purpose trousers, equally suitable for hiking, swimming and sleeping. They washed easily and were brief enough to dry in service, so to speak. Two worn denim shirts completed the uniform. The unused variety of clothes I had with me would have sufficed for a week at Kennebunkport.

In the far left corner I made an orderly pile of my camera and binoculars, a

continued

quantity of extra film, my writing paper, a clipboard and a ragged copy of Peterson's *Fird Guide to the Birds*, which is as indispensable to me in traveling as a credit card. I purposely brought no "reading books," since I was determined that no author should intrude between Wreck and me. For better or worse, we two were going it alone.

Glaze from the sand and sea filled my little green room. A breeze washed through the cloth screens of the three windows and door. It seemed too comfortable to be true.

Outside I raised my big yellow umbrella against the sun, set the beach chair in its patch of shade and stepped back to wonder at this ordered little outpost of human peculiarity amidst so much uncompromising space. But I was by no means alone. With an innocence I would come to regret, I had chosen a site at the edge of a rookery of shore birds. Terns and black skimmers nested together on the flat that reached from my beachline to the rim of the marsh. Their nests came to within 20 or 30 feet of my tent. Both species were recklessly intrusive. They seemed to regard my presence as equally so. I could not leave the tent without setting off an uproar. This trying situation continued throughout the entire week.

I was convinced by Monday night that the colony of terns had selected a particular bird to take care of me—either that, or this bird had a demonic initiative. The whole lot of them, a hundred or more, would take to the air at sight of me, wheeling high overhead with a whizzing sort of chatter that might have been ten thousand electronic chickens. Suddenly a tern would dive at me like a rock, continuing the maneuver until I was beyond his province of concern. Invariably he came at me from the back, swooping so close that my head was brushed by the air his wings deflected. The exploit was accompanied by a piercing scream. I named this bird Frank, after a plumber who had done some work for me recently.

Each time he dived I instinctively looked up in anger for the little beast, and Frank, climbing fast, would twist his head to peer back at me with contemptuous curiosity—a strangely umbrella-like act from which a man alone on the shore could take little solace.

The black skimmers, on the other hand, had nothing comparable to Frank

to send into the air. Their maneuvers against me were undertaken on masse, as wave upon wave of the spectacular birds would come in toward me low and from the front, honking like rush-hour taxi drivers.

I began each day soon after 5 while dawn was still fresh in the air. The ocean glittered in the early light like a cold, fluid sapphire. The sun came up fast. Its light flooded the island. By 7 there was scarcely a shadow anywhere.

Since my stove was no match for the incessant wind, despite a variety of shelters I built around it, I came to learn that cold instant coffee is by no means as distasteful as the idea of it. I would drink several cups, waiting for the kinks to untangle in my back. The air mattress did not take well to my 200 pounds.

Then, still dressed in my nightclothes (undershorts and denim shirt), I would strike off up the sand, spirits flying. With the first screaming assault from Frank I knew the day had begun in earnest. Sometimes I took my camera, sometimes the binoculars. To hike the full stretch to the far end of the northern head, or back, and return was a trip of seven miles at which I spent about three hours, allowing for those pokings and pauses that are irresistible on a beach.

Wreck and I got acquainted within the first several days. We had ample chance to take one another's measure. To begin with, there are at every sand beach two routes a wanderer can choose from, since the high tides leave an upper shelf of jetium that becomes in time a sort of storehouse for the world's imperishable refuse, and a lower line that is the thin, damp deposit of the receding waves. I alternated between them, depending on my mood. The upper beach was littered with basic symbols of man's modern life: electric light bulbs, milk and egg cartons, whiskey bottles—the remnants of things that seemed wonderfully unimportant from an island perspective. An international motif ran throughout: a crate stenciled with Japanese characters, a Spanish wine bottle, a woven mat from the Orient. There were giant timbers that seemed too heavy for even the ocean to lift. I found the body of a young bird, dry in the summer's heat, and remembered the assurance that not even a sparrow falls. . . .

The lower beach was nearly barren. I came across an occasional evidence of subsurface life: a twisting ribbon of

heaped sand or a tiny syphon hole. There were the scattered, surf-broken remains of calico crabs and spider crabs, and—rarely—a young blue crab. Yet I found nothing alive, aside from the birds that fed in the shallow wake of the waves. With their eyes I could have discerned the abundant life that attracted them. Without their eyes, however, I turned to gathering the limpet and razor-clam shells that life was done with.

I found at both ends of Wreck large natural deposits of oyster shells, reflecting the favorable environment that existed at some time in these inlets for oyster propagation. Also, the southern flats were rich in a selection of snails and whelks. Sand dollars, on the other hand, were almost exclusively at the northeast corner: and I discovered the delicate, translucent jingle shells in a section of the northern head no more than 100 feet wide.

The search for shells is much like eating popcorn, and I kept at it for several hours' running without a thought for anything but what the next yard or two of sand might yield. These fragile discards from the sea represent so well both the diversity and the continuity of nature that the collection of them is itself a kind of identification with the larger world where there is so much more than just oneself.

The beach directly in front of my camp was a phenomenal thing. I had seen nothing like it elsewhere on the Atlantic coast. It was a tidal flat similar to the flats of Maine which the sea will flood to a depth of several feet and then drain of everything but scattered algae-and-mussel-laden ponds in the magic six-hour cycle of the tides. However, in Maine these flats are inland from the open sea. The maze of coastal islands protects them. They are sheltered and soundlike.

The quarter mile at the southern end of Wreck, to the contrary, was directly on the open ocean. Nothing sheltered it short of the Azores. Yet at low tide a mucky tangle of sludge, sea grass and mussel shells reached at least 150 yards seaward from the high-water mark near my camp. Sweeping rivers of clean sand washed through it, forming ponds in their largest bends where the sun warmed the water that waited there for the tide's return. Birds fed here by the hundreds. The muck was alive with many sorts of sandworms building an array of mu-

mute towers and ridges. The calm, shallow water seemed with hermit crabs, scampering for food under shelter of an endless assortment of borrowed hiding places.

As the time arrived for my daily "swim" before lunch, the morning's explorations finished, I shed my shirt to sit waist-deep in these warm and healing shallow waters. It was a ritual, celebrated either at my doorstep if the tide was in or at the far edge of the flats when it was out. It will not seem a particularly robust practice to surfboarders, for instance. But then for once I did not have to give a second thought to what anyone would think. I was free to pursue an inclination as a man is seldom free, for Week was quite indifferent to my human whimsy. And in this case my inclination was to sit peacefully and undisturbed by anything but Frank, so soothed by the sea's waters that I was sometimes almost oblivious to him. I would remain in this state for perhaps 45 minutes.

Lunch was a little can of this or that, unheated, topped off with an orange or several cookies. There was never a better place or time for a nap. The middays of the whole week were beautiful. I would lie on the air mattress, shaded and cool and safe from the birds. From the distance of both Week's northern shore and the shoals of New Inlet I could hear the low, rhythmic beat of waves collapsing at the end of a journey that might have begun half an ocean away. They were not a part of the island. They did not belong to it like the birds and shells and grass did, or even as I was coming to belong. For we living things that were part of the little place had no defense against the sea. It came to affect us. We could hope only to endure. And there was always the chance it might flood the reef again before my week was done. I had planned no defense against such an emergency. There would then be nothing to do but leave my gear in its path and seek the security of the dunes to the north.

In the afternoon an hour's walk would do, usually for some undemanding chore such as the gathering of angel-wing shells or the examination of the patterns of the darker mineral sands across the light tan underlayer of quartz. It was an island schedule I kept, undisturbed by mainland concerns, which were so easily set aside in this raw world.

continued

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Wreck Island

Supper was at an early 5:30, consisting of much the same subsistence fare that had been my lunch. With evening, the birds began to feed again in earnest, particularly if the tide was low. The black skimmers rapped the water with their lower beaks, sometimes as much as 50 feet at a run. The terns dived from their flight pattern high above the skimmers, hitting the sea for a flashing instant in the search for food. Someone must have been feeding I rank. He never took time off to fish. Dowitchers, willets, sandpipers and the numerous oyster catchers would turn up, sometimes in considerable numbers. The oyster catchers looked like stubby, preliminary models for the more graceful but similarly colored skimmers. Several times, at the distant edge of the flat, I could see a stowey egret, its identifying yellow feet vivid through my binoculars.

Before darkness had blackened the island I made sure to be ready for night. There was little enough to do: tie the flap covers over my screened windows, retrieve anything from the beach that rain might damage, brush my teeth. Having nothing to read I had little use for the lantern. It was good to fall asleep with the day, full of sun and salt air, tired from the heat and exercise, troubled by no great thoughts and feeling no need to apologize that I had none.

In contrast to such sweet lethargy, Wreck Island was the scene of evidences of the natural world's power that I shall never forget. There were three storms. Each came at night. The first was Monday, my second night on the island, and it blew my umbrella inside out. The second came on Friday, the third on Saturday. Fortunately none was a true nor'easter, and none came at high tide. The sea never reached my tent.

Yet each was worse in its raging intensity than the preceding one. I had never before been distracted by lightning and thunder, and I thought the wind a concern only for sailors. On Wreck I came to cope with these things more directly than I had imagined myself doing. For a time I was aware of nothing in the world but storm.

Saturday's storm awoke me with a far ramble of thunder. It was 10:45 p.m. and my last night on the island. For 15 minutes I lay in the darkness listening to these rolling cadences of thunder grow more frequent as they moved toward me from the north. Bursts of sheet

lightning stretched across 180° of sky from west to east, rising from the horizon's rim to the very center of the heavens, that far-off apex toward which this turmoil that tore and splintered the darkness seemed to aim. By 11 o'clock the rain and wind broke open. My tent leaked a fine, incessant mist. The walls pressed in as if a thousand tons of sand were heaped against them.

The lightning came and surrounded me. I lived in the heart of it. Time after time I saw through the tent's torn-open door the lightning fluke into the sea. For 10 or 12 minutes the sheets of flash were so rapidly overlapping that I could have read by their light. Noises roared out of the wind that were indescribable. Finally I was drenched and all I had in the tent was drenched except for a single parcel wrapped in plastic.

I sat in this violence, helpless on my little sand heap, wet as rain is wet, buffeted by the snarling wind, deafened by it, wondering what the lightning would feel like if it came to where I was. The terror did not pass until after 3 a.m. My vigil had lasted more than four hours. I heard the skimmers begin to talk it over. Then I fell asleep, exhausted from nothing more ennobling than fear itself.

With dawn I was awake again and on my feet. I gathered the soaked gear together for transfer to the boat when it arrived. The wind was strong, but the sky was clearing. There were patches of blue overhead. It was cold. I put on my wet sweat shirt. The storm had left a froth of whitecaps on the sea. My first glimpse of the boat coming down the coast—it had just turned south from Sand Shoal Inlet—was like the sight of a chariot swinging low.

I had lost four pounds and gained a deep suntan. I had several hundred photographs, a first-rate collection of the region's shells and more than a speaking acquaintance with terns. Frank plummeted down on me one last time as the boat pushed off. His scream was a farewell. We had both survived. Warden John W. Crumb took me to his home in Oyster for a hot shower.

It was good to be back. I had endured myself. I had lived very close to the rhythm of the natural world, setting aside for a week the affairs and concerns of men. To generalize beyond that would be idle talk. This one thing seems sure, though: most likely I will never return. There seems no need.

END



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